

LATEST HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

MOVIE CLASSIC

NOVEMBER



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Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, has a brand new dress, striking in design, gay with new colors! The soft greens and yellows bring out to your eye the beautiful creamy-whiteness of Camay itself . . . adding an aesthetic thrill to the pleasure of using this finest, gentlest, most luxurious of beauty soaps!



★ *In the Beauty Contest of life, the woman with lovely skin has an advantage. For the eyes of all who look upon her appraise her charms, and a fine skin is a powerful ally. Try Camay today!*



*Thrilling as Camay's new wrapper is, to look upon—after all, the soap's the thing!
It is Camay, itself, that is so vital to the beauty of your skin.
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soaps . . . why Camay is "The Soap of Beautiful Women."

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Copy. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

★ *Here's the simple, effective way to improve your complexion. Lather your face and neck with creamy-white Camay, a soft cloth and warm water. Rinse with cold water. Now your skin is fresh again!*

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Hours at the Bridge Table . . .
No time at all for her teeth and gums
and she has "Pink Tooth Brush"!

LET her exercise her wits on contract all she wants to! But if she wants to be attractive when she smiles and talks, it would pay her to spend a few seconds a day exercising her *gums*!

People get a mighty good close-up of your teeth at the bridge table! How about *your* teeth and gums? If you have flabby, sickly gums—if you have "pink tooth brush"—watch out! Before long, you may be ashamed to smile!

Modern foods are too soft to exercise the gums properly. And when your gums become soft and tender, you're likely to find "pink" on your tooth brush pretty regularly.

Do you realize that "pink tooth brush" robs the teeth of their natural polish?—that it opens the way for gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea?—that it endangers sound teeth?

Do this: Clean your teeth with Ipana

Tooth Paste. But each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana right into those unhealthy gums of yours. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, sends fresh blood speeding through the gums, and helps to firm them back to health.

Start in today with this Ipana régime. Your teeth will be *so* much whiter and brighter! And if you'll keep using Ipana with massage, you won't have to give a thought to "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

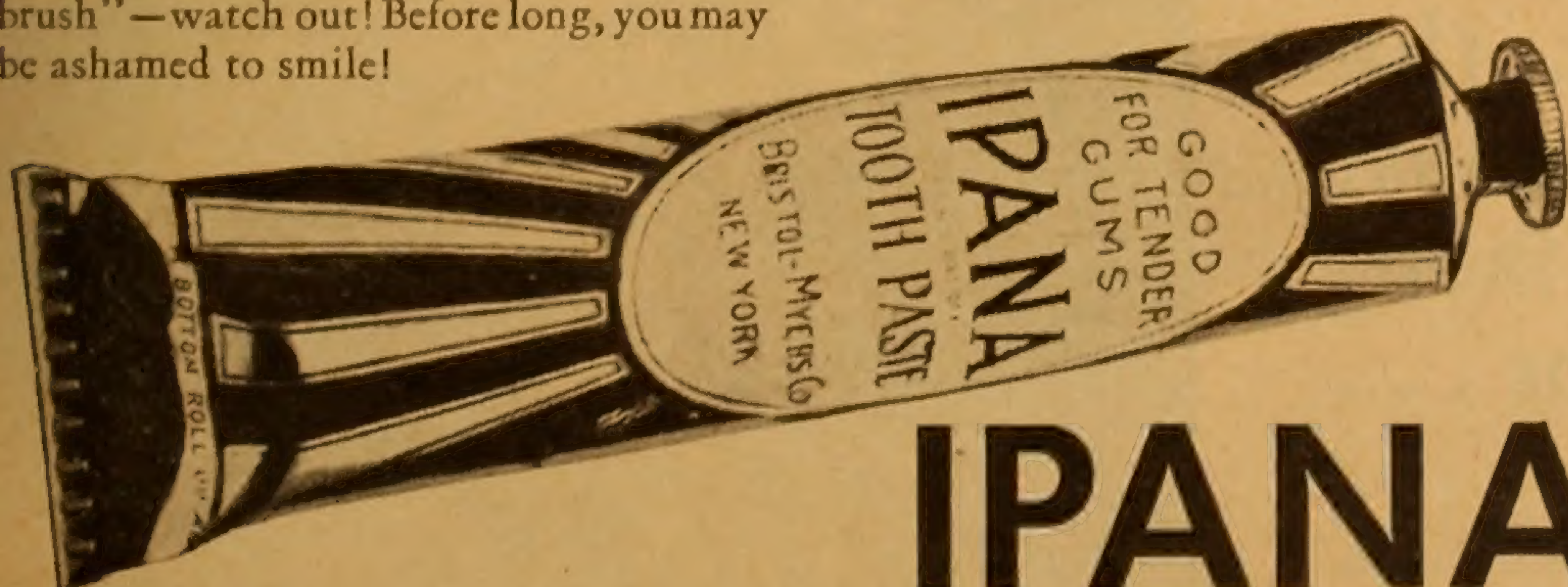
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WITH
ADOLPHE MENJOU

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Into the giant tapestry of a world in pain is woven the most tumultuous and passionate romance yet written or screened. The mad mating of souls lost for love's sake, to the thunderous roaring of guns . . .

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NOV 12 1932

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 3 No. 3

NOVEMBER, 1932



FEATURE ARTICLES

<i>Bill Powell</i> Talks About His Wife	Elisabeth Goldbeck	15
<i>Jean Harlow</i> —Tortured by Tragedy	Dorothy Calhoun	16
Ex-Ladies' Man—That's <i>Joel McCrea!</i>	Betty Willis	21
Stars Invent a New Kind of Divorce	Nancy Pryor	22
Hollywood Votes for the First Time	Helen Louise Walker	24
You Can't Always Copy A Movie Star	Barbara Foss	26
Little Caesar Tosses Some Verbal Bombs— <i>Edward G. Robinson</i>	Gladys Hall	41
The Headline History of <i>Chaplin</i> , 1918–1932	Muriel Babcock	42
<i>George Raft</i> Won't Look At Girls Who Don't Wear Make-Up ..	Helen Louise Walker	44
<i>George Brent's</i> Irish Luck Is Just Beginning!	Clifford W. Cheasley	51
<i>John Boles</i> Gives Some Tips to Young Married Couples	Terrence Costello	52

Tragedy

Descends on

JEAN HARLOW

Twenty-one years old and a bride of only two months, Jean has just passed through a more tragic experience than any other screen star has ever known. Her husband, Paul Bern—one of the most brilliant and popular men in Hollywood—took his own life, without any warning, without revealing any motive for his act.

The girl whose platinum blonde beauty had made her world-famous—the bride who had been so happy—collapsed. She was hysterical with grief. She could not believe that this had happened to her—that Paul, who loved her, had gone. Why did he do it?

That mystery may never be solved. But you will read in this issue that it is within YOUR power to solve the mystery: What does the future hold for Jean Harlow?

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

Few Olympic Athletes Receive Movie Offers	Evelyn Derr	28
<i>Mrs. Jolson</i> Enters Films—Al Not Afraid He Will Lose Her	Sonia Lee	29
<i>Swanson</i> Lawyer Insists Luxuries Are "Necessary"	Janet Burden	30
<i>Claudette Colbert</i> Takes Bath In Milk for DeMille Picture	Dorothy Donnell	31
<i>Keaton</i> Buys "Land Yacht" As Big Joke	Doris Janeway	32
<i>Rudy Vallee's</i> Wife Changes Her Mind About That Divorce	Madge Tennant	33
Married? <i>Bette Davis</i> and <i>Joan Blondell</i> Won't Say Yes or No!	Joan Standish	34

PICTORIAL FEATURES

<i>Carole Lombard</i>	35	<i>Constance Bennett</i>	45
<i>Kay Francis</i>	36	<i>Clark Gable</i>	46
<i>Loretta Young</i>	37	<i>Tallulah Bankhead, Robert Montgomery</i> ...	47
<i>Myrna Loy, John Barrymore, Johnny Weissmuller, Lupe Velez</i>	38	<i>Lynn Browning, June Clyde</i>	48
<i>Nancy Carroll</i>	39	<i>Aline MacMahon</i>	49
<i>Spencer Tracy</i>	40	<i>Charles Farrell</i>	50

MOVIE CLASSIC'S DEPARTMENTS

Between Ourselves	Larry Reid	6
Movie Classic's Letter Page		8
Strictly Personal	Mark Dowling	10
Our Hollywood Neighbors—Close-Ups	Stacy Kent	11
Taking in the Talkies—Reviews	Larry Reid	12
Looking Them Over—Hollywood Gossip	Dorothy Manners	18

COVER DRAWING OF SYLVIA SIDNEY BY MARLAND STONE

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MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month

famous women


KNOW
THIS
SECRET



Since the days of ancient Egypt, it has been known that woman's most effective beauty is in her eyes. Not their color—not their size or shape—but the *expression* of which they are capable when properly made up. Cleopatra knew this secret. Stars of the stage and screen know it too. Famous beauties—including the one whose picture appears above—know the charm-value of the "expression" made possible by dark, long appearing, luxuriant lashes. And they know that the NEW, non-smarting, *tearproof*, harmless Maybelline is the easy way to acquire such lashes instantly. Try it yourself. You will be delighted with results. The New Maybelline, Black or Brown is 75c at all toilet goods counters.

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

FOR "The Sign of the Cross," his first spectacle in sound, Cecil B. De Mille had a budget of \$685,000 and gave work to more than one-third of Hollywood's fourteen thousand "extras." And that, as they say in the Schools of Journalism, is news. It's a rarity, these days, when a picture draws a half-million at the box office. That makes it look like insanity for a movie company to *spend* more than a half-million in *making* a picture. But hold on!—don't call the little red wagon for the producers yet. There may be method in their madness.

IF you're still going to the movies since the government slapped a tax on movie tickets, maybe you've noticed that you don't have to stand in line so long. Maybe you've even noticed the manager standing in the lobby, wringing his mitts, because you don't have to wait at all for a seat. The tax may have had something to do with it. (It's a good old American custom to blame taxes for a lot of our evils.) But even before the well-known depression, theatres didn't have to have guards to keep the crowds in check. The reason must have been something else besides taxes. (The Hollywood boys figured that out all by themselves.) Could the public be staying away because pictures haven't been BIG enough? It's more than a possibility; it's a probability. And the producers are going to do something about it.

THEY have started already. I told you here, several months ago, that they were trading players back and forth to bolster up casts, and to get the right people in the right picture. They have even started to buy stories that mean something—stories that stand a chance of being remembered. Maybe you've noticed the effects of these revolutionary tactics already.

I'VE just given myself a test, to see how many recent pictures worth seeing come to mind in ten minutes. There are twenty-five on my list. There wouldn't have been that many there last year. Maybe you would subtract some, or add others. But these twenty-five, to this typical moviegoer, are pictures I'm glad I didn't miss. Each one gave me something to remember it by. Just for amusement's sake (you aren't doing anything for the next ten minutes, are you?) give yourself the same test, and then check with me. This is my list:

"Grand Hotel," "Strange Interlude," "Movie Crazy," "Scarface," "Shanghai Express," "Bring 'Em Back Alive," "Congorilla," "The Last Mile," "The Dark Horse," "Life Begins," "Love Me Tonight," "The Washington Masquerade," "The Doomed Battalion," "What Price Hollywood?", "Back Street," "Blessed Event," "The Man Who Played God," "70,000 Witnesses," "Lady and Gent," "American Madness," "Mr. Robinson Crusoe," "Crooner," "The Mouthpiece," "Arrowsmith" and "Once in a Lifetime."

CHECKING them over, I find every big studio represented on that list—which must mean something or other. Perhaps it means that competition is getting keener. Perhaps they're getting ready to try to outdo each other, not to watch what the other fellow is doing. It's an old hope of mine—a hope that is wearing long gray whiskers and is reduced to rags—but nevertheless a hope that still exists.

AND there is some reason to believe that the millenium is at hand, and pictures ARE going to become bigger and better. Cast your eye over the following stories scheduled on the new season's programs of the big studios:

From Columbia you may expect: "Washington Merry-Go-Round," "Brief Moment," and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." From Fox: "State Fair," "Tess of the Storm Country," "Cavalcade," "Call Her Savage." From M-G-M: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "The White Sister," "Reunion in Vienna," "The Good Earth," "Rasputin," "Payment Deferred." From Paramount: "A Farewell to Arms," "The Big Broadcast," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "The Sign of the Cross," "The Island of Lost Souls," "What Every Woman Knows," "Madison Square Garden," "Madame Butterfly." From RKO: "The Moon and Sixpence," "The Sun Also Rises," "The Conquerors," "Sweepings." From United Artists: "Rain," "I Have Been Faithful," "The New Yorker," "The Kid from Spain." From Universal: "The Old Dark House," "The Invisible Man," "The Road Back," "Nagana," "Laughing Boy." From Warners—First National: "The Match King," "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," "Forty-Second Street," "I Am a Fugitive," "The Miracle," "The Machine," "Parachute," "Silver Dollar."

NOT every one of those pictures will cost \$685,000 or employ forty-five hundred people. But they are all scheduled to be BIG pictures—pictures that producers, scenario and dialogue writers, directors and players are making with care and ambition. Count them up—there are forty-two pictures on the list. Others besides these will turn out to be worth seeing. But these forty-two are the pictures that studios are *promising* will be out of the ordinary. They're not only outdoing each other; they're outdoing themselves to pull you back to your favorite movie theatre.

ONE thing that 1932 has been outstanding for, in a movie way, is the manner in which Hollywood has progressed in putting subtle humor across. There still are some rough edges that need filing—but the producers are beginning to give audiences credit for some intelligence and feeding them comedy fare that they have to be on the alert to catch. Satire, in other words.

"The Dark Horse" kidded politics as
(Continued on page 82)

UNIVERSAL SCORES AGAIN!

NEVERS
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TULANE

CARIDEO
NOTRE DAME

BOOTH
YALE

SCHWARTZ
NOTRE DAME

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SCHWEGELER
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YARR
NOTRE DAME

ORSI
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QUATSE
PITTSBURGH

SHAVER
U.S.C.

MUNN
MINNESOTA

RILEY
NORTHWESTERN

PINCKERT
U.S.C.

CAIN
ALABAMA

Last year it was "The Spirit of Notre Dame"—this fall UNIVERSAL beats this fine gridiron drama with one more *thrilling*, more *human* and more *spectacular*. Not only the entire **ALL AMERICA** team of 1931 but a score of other "All Americans" of previous years and THE ALL AMERICA BOARD OF FOOTBALL.

Never before such a cast in such a mile-a-minute football play. **The Greatest Gridiron STARS in History!** They never played together in college but they give you *the greatest football game* of the year on the screen—all in closeup—at your favorite theatre.

Directed by RUSSELL MACK

Presented by CARL LAEMMLE

Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

APPROVED BY THE ALL AMERICA BOARD OF FOOTBALL

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



Wire me
at the HOTEL
FORT SHELBY

... is a doubly significant remark. Certainly it's final instructions to the office ... but the staff remember that the boss has stopped at the Fort Shelby since his initial visit to Detroit. ¶ Hotel Fort Shelby's preferred location ... inviting lobby ... beautiful, commodious rooms ... superb restaurants and attractive rates are a few reasons why the major percentage of its patronage represents repeat business. ¶ 900 units ... all equipped with servidor and private bath. Rooms as low as \$3.00 per day ... suites \$10.00 and upwards.

Motorists are relieved of their automobiles at the door without service charge. Write for free road map, and your copy of "Aglow with Friendliness," our unique and fascinating magazine.



**Fort
HOTEL Shelby**
E. J. BRADWELL, Manager
DETROIT

"AGLOW WITH FRIENDLINESS"

Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page

\$20.00 Letter

American Productions Show Progress

I THINK it is high time that foreign movie critics, who sneer at the "vapid," "melodramatic" and "oversexed pictures" they accuse us of demanding, take a reef in their sails and consider facts.

Of course, America has produced its share of inane flops but—and this is a very BIG BUT—it has also created an unequalled number of epochal pictures that foreign producers cannot even passably imitate.

America first produced those stupendous historical pageants: "The Ten Commandments"; "The Covered Wagon"; and later, "Cimarron." And no fair-minded observer can deny that there is a progressive tendency to draft the finest actors of the theatre to the screen, and to discount pulchritude in favor of genuine ability to act. Take such famous stars as the three Barrymores, Marie Dressler, Alison Skipworth and Lowell Sherman, for instance.

The very fact that producers are aspiring to a higher standard of plays has automatically required that they raise their standard for acting. Let's forget the stupid boudoir-for-bed's-sake abominations that we are forced to endure now and then, and say bravo for such productions as "Anna Christie"; "Grand Hotel" and "Strange Interlude."

The American public received these pictures with a genuine enthusiasm that should encourage producers. We're not so dumb after all!

BARRY W. NEILL, Seattle, Wash.

\$10.00 Letter

Blondie's A Gloom-Chaser

IS there any real reason for Depression when such a picture as "Blondie of the Follies" is turned loose on the public?

Marion Davies knocks every atom of depression into a cocked hat as "Blondie" and don't forget that Billie Dove was good once. She proves it in this picture—she is better than ever NOW. And she just about takes honor for honor as *Blondie's* best girl friend. Maybe it was a secondary part—but it came near being first.

The merits of the picture were not in the least harmed by the presence of Zasu Pitts and James Gleason. Neither tried for any honors, but they grabbed plenty. Zasu wasn't permitted to open her mouth by the audience, they yelped with glee the moment she walked into the scene and that was that! Jimmie takes a GRAND father part, I mean *Blondie's* Daddy. And Jimmy Durante's take-off of John Barrymore was classic.

If anyone is suffering from depression—let them see *Blondie* as a gloom chaser. I'll pay their admission if not satisfied! Fair?

MRS. J. D. TOUSLEY,
Joplin, Mo.

\$5.00 Letter

A Grand Picture

FROM the time we heard the words, "Grand Hotel, people come and people go and nothing ever happens!" we sat spellbound, until a repetition of these words penetrated our inner consciousness, bringing this gripping drama to a conclusion, when we returned to earth and a realization that we were in a mere theatre and not participants in the gay, sad, humorous, luxurious and fascinating life of a great hotel.

Amid the rapidly changing scenes, we were at one moment enthralled with the powerful love scenes between the inimitable Barrymore and the divine Garbo, and then suddenly convulsed with the antics of the irrepressible Lionel Barrymore, sometimes a truly pathetic figure and at other times laughter-provoking, with Joan Crawford as intriguing as ever and with Wallace Beery powerful as the bombastic financier.

We scaled the heights and plumbed the depths with such rapidity that when "THE END" came, we were breathless, speechless—transfixed with wonder and amazement—a truly great drama.

DONNA H. CULP, Toronto, Ont.

Those Misleading Titles

WHAT'S to be done about the misleading title? And isn't our erstwhile cinema judge, the honorable Mr. Hays, in one position or another to put a ban on said titles that are so very much out of order?

A flock of poor bleating sheep led to the slaughter house under a ruse thru one form or another to have them gather in happily, is nothing compared to those gleaming pseudos beckoning us movie fans to enter and kill an entire evening.

When an article is sold to the public and misrepresented, it becomes a violation of the law, punishable by fines, etc., yet when a picture is sold to us thru a fancy, fire-eating, breath-taking title and turns out to be a sordid contrast, leaving us with a sour taste and far from our remotest guess of expectation, what do we do about it? You guessed it, nothing! We swallow hook, line and sinker, passing it off as a total loss.

As an example of what I am referring to, see "Million Dollar Legs" and if that doesn't prove my point, with emphasis to boot, I'll eat the whole dern tootin' roll of celluloid, and I assure you that I have never included that in my breakfast food.

HENRY H. KAPLAN, Tulsa, Okla.

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

You'll Like Laughton

LIKE most of my sex, I can appreciate handsome men. I admire the Neil Hamiltons and Barry Nortons of the screen, because they're very pleasing to look upon. But I like the Leslie Howards just as well, if not better. Both classes can act, but the latter has to have (Continued on page 79)

Cheasley's Startling Code Book!

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AMAZING NEW GUIDE TO NUMEROLOGY
GIVES QUICK ANSWERS

Forecasting Formula Shows Way

IS my husband the right man for me? Can I get better luck, as others have done, by changing my name? What is in store for me this year? Should I change my job?—Start a new business? Marry my "boy friend"? . . . How can I find my way to more money?

Here, in this amazing new Cheasley book are your answers—your Guide to better things. Here you may discover the things to do and not to do; when to act and when not to, in order to get the things you want—according to the Science of Numerology.

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Month by month you have read in *Motion Picture Magazine* about the future that lay ahead of your favorite Stars. Now YOU may have the *Secret Key*—the Code Book—of The Great Cheasley . . . the very same Guide he uses to analyze, foretell, detect, appraise and help the stars of stage and screen and the leaders in business and society.

Developed from a lifetime of patient study and research, this book is now to be released at last to the public—Mr. Cheasley's contribution to the relief of our serious economic situation. You really pay little for the book. The price of \$1.00 just about covers the cost of printing, postage and this announcement to our readers.

Now you can read your own future, as forecast by the Science of Numerology in full—learn what is ahead for your children, friends, sweetheart, husband, relatives—month by month and year by year. Here, in this amazingly revealing guide you learn the whole Science of Numerology—all that Cheasley knows so well.

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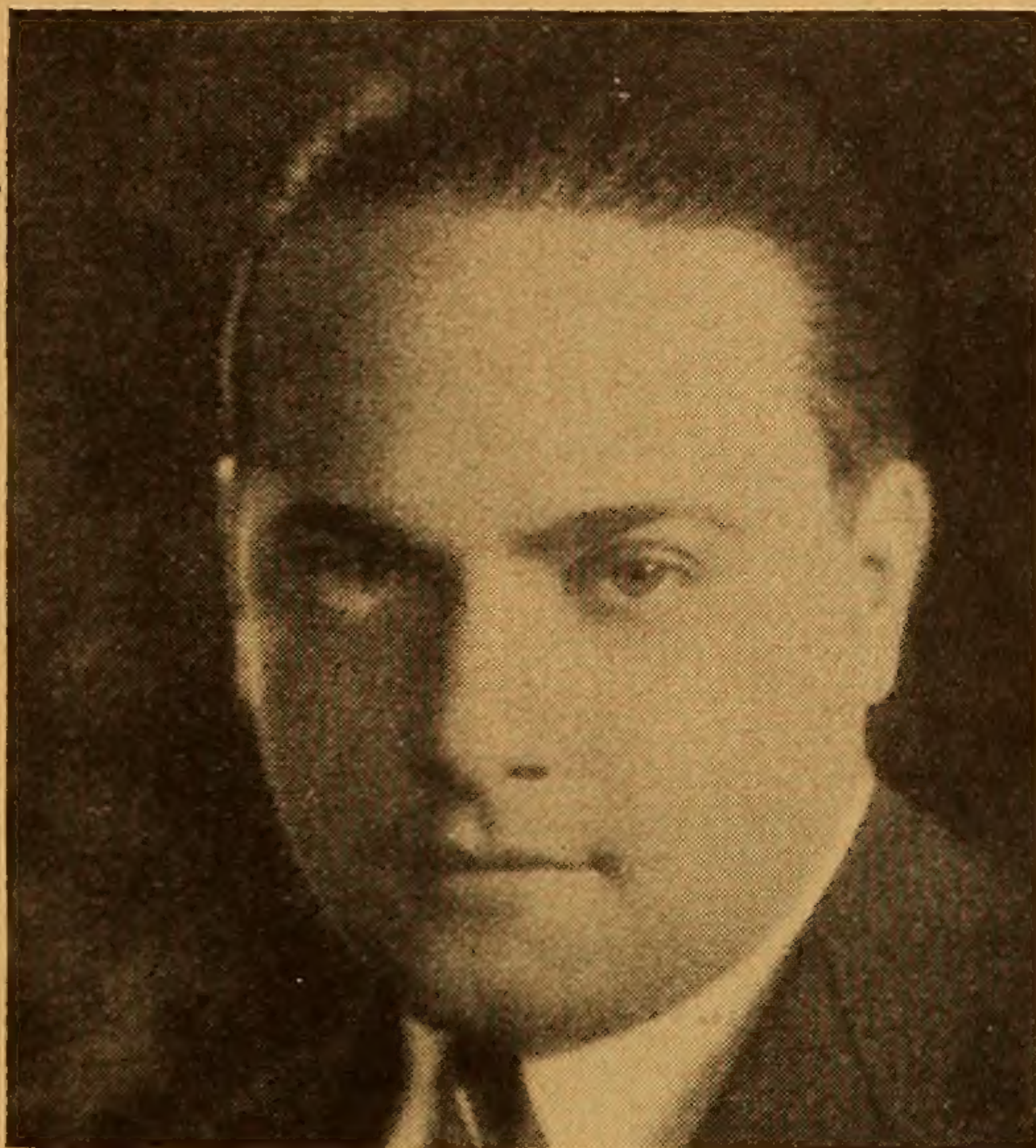


This is a time of new adjustments, new kinds of jobs, changes in residence, different domestic arrangements. Make your shift NOW, while everyone is shifting—but be sure to make the RIGHT change! Cheasley's Science of Numbers will guide you—guide your husband, friends—just as it has thousands of others.

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Cheasley



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—LOPEZ Speaking

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"For some years I have been interested in studying, applying and proving Mr. Cheasley's practical number philosophy, with the result that I have a better understanding of myself, the other fellow and more ease in dealing with the many problems constantly facing one, who like myself, is responsible for public organizations.

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Sincerely,
(Signed) Vincent Lopez

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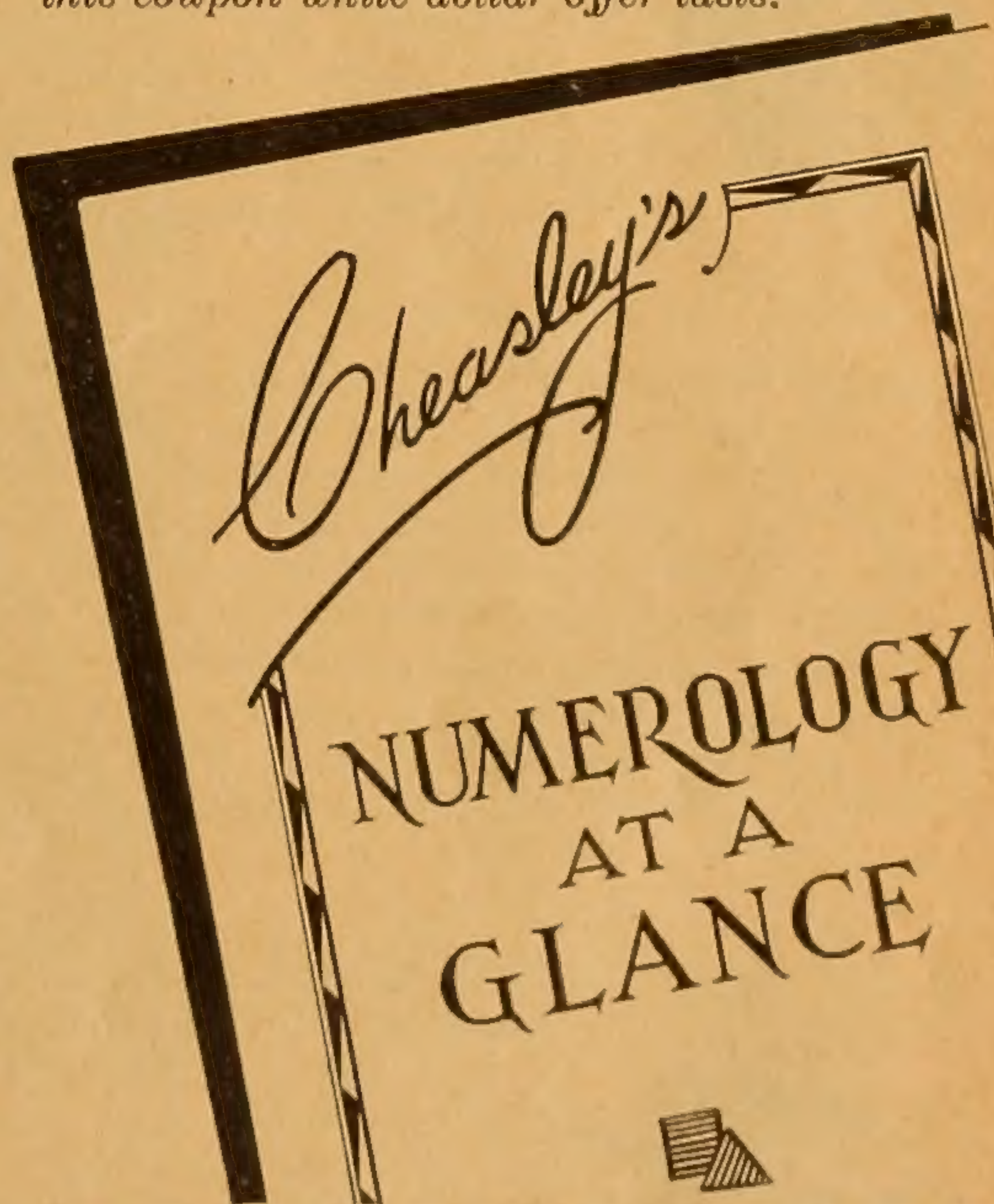
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No C. O. D.)

STRICTLY PERSONAL

MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING



CLARK GABLE: Six feet one. Weighs 190. The other day he bought a Beverly Hills estate—just like any other suddenly successful man—and has taken up polo. Affects turtle-neck sweaters and looks more like a broker or a drummer than a movie actor. Used to worry terribly over the idea that half the women in the world were crazy about him, but finally got used to it. Modestly he will tell you, "I just happened to have *something*. I don't know what it is."



BETTE DAVIS: Dashing young modern who lives down Malibu way fifteen minutes from the nearest telephone. Refers to herself as "Davis" and says she isn't the carousing type. Extremely muscular—doesn't look it—and dislikes fellows who look at her with That Gleam in their eyes. Qualified as a life guard before coming to Hollywood. Loves to wear pajamas. Tootsies highly polished. Just got married to the boy-friend from Back Home. . . .

IRENE DUNNE: Brunette with a "bred in old Kentucky" manner. She's one of our nicest girls but is particularly fond of pictures of herself as Cleopatra, wearing a few beads. Also likes musical comedies and eating ice cream in bed. Don't spend fifteen minutes dating her over the telephone or wear button shoes or debate companionate marriage. She doesn't respond. Is a mean golfer and once made a hole in one. Rubs cucumbers on her face as a beauty lotion.



JOEL McCREA: Six feet two. Weighs 180. Our handsomest youngster. Tallulah Bankhead is reported to be the latest of the local femmes to try to interest him. Others were Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett, and Dorothy Mackaill. But Joel has a hermit complex and spends his weekends camping out on the beach—all by himself. The bronzed beach-hero type, he likes to take off his shirt in public and display his brawny build. Claims he has never been in love.



TALA BIRELL: Blonde with a brunette personality. Quiet and mysterious, but she snaffled Hollywood's only genuine Prince in months right under the noses of the peppier damsels. We mean Prince Lichtenstein. Her nickname is "Talusha" but don't call her that till you've known her a few years. Strong points: dignity and reserve. But has an unexpected sense of humor and thinks her own mistakes in English are funny. Some day Garbo may envy her.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SR: Five feet ten inches. Weighs 145 lbs. to 150 lbs. Just returned from a South Sea trip but left immediately for the Gobi desert. Seems to regard Douglas Fairbanks Sr. as a permanent institution. Maybe he's right. If you visit Pickfair don't be surprised to find him leaping over railings or swinging from a chandelier. Favorite rest spot at home is a barber's chair. Takes cat naps. Awakes rejuvenated. Looks as jaunty as ever and as fit.

DICK POWELL: Six feet. Weighs 172. Red hair—but not too red. Blue eyes. Greets you like a confirmed Master of Ceremonies (he used to be one) and suffers from an overdose of boyish charm. Arrived in town by plane to make pictures, but waited three weeks to start work. Would be a handy fellow to have around the house, since he plays bridge and can do odd chores. Plays golf and any sort of musical instrument. Says he's still a country boy at heart.



LILYAN TASHMAN: She wears a jacket made of straw and a hat that looks like a soup plate, but naive natives bung their eyes out and call her our Best-Dressed Woman. Knows all the New York slang and is responsible for the crack that Hollywood grandeur depends on wires, black velvet and mirrors. Must have taken it seriously, for she has just redecorated the lower floor of the Beverly shack completely with reflecting glass. They say she changes clothes twenty times a day.



NEIL HAMILTON: Six feet. Weighs 145. He also Got Tired of It All and went up to the hills to live like a hermit. Had neither sheets nor pillow cases but did bring along a bottle of excellent wine—and saw to it that photographers knew the way to his retreat. Our most dignified leading man, his amateur magician talent sometimes gets the best of him and he'll pull rabbits out of the hat. His hobby is raising rare orchids. He changes his underwear three times a day.



DOROTHY WILSON: Her studio will tell you she has the body of a Polynesian and the mind of a Boston schoolteacher, but Dorothy looks Anglo-Saxon, comes from Minneapolis, and hates carrots and overshoes. Still pretty breathless about the overnight change from R K O stenog to movie star. College boys need not apply. Dot likes 'em mature. Not the sort of gal who would pull up her stockings in public. Chief ambitions: to own a black pearl ring and go to Tahiti.

ANITA PAGE: Cuddly blonde with curves, dimples, and come-hither eyes, and they say she numbers lawyers, doctors, and even a minister among her beaux. College boys love her, but they shouldn't be frightened when she uses long words and talks about commercial art. She's intelligent about both. Startled 'em further by refusing to smoke or drink, but gets fighting mad if you call her a "nice girl." Her father and mother are named Pomares.



DONALD COOK: Five feet eleven. Weighs 150. We suspect him of being secretly engaged to Evalyn Knapp. Writes his mother every day and likes to cook. Would make a good husband for any girl. His chief annoyance is having his hair marcelled for pictures. On the other hand, he enjoys giving himself olive oil shampoos and wears a beret. Used to sell magazine subscriptions, but now people answer the doorbell when he calls. Has a fondness for pink shirts.



N Our Hollywood E I G H B O R S

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By STACY KENT

STRANGE, tragic, unthinkable that Paul Bern, "the friend in need" of so many Hollywood people, should be dead. News of his suicide cast a pall of sorrow over the whole movie town.

No one ever went to Paul Bern for help or sympathy and came away without receiving it. It was Paul who stood by Barbara La Marr during her last tragic days. It was Paul who escorted the fading motion picture star to parties where she would meet prominent executives again. Once he heard that an actress was despondent because jobs did not seem to come her way. He didn't know her, but he sent her flowers every day—just to cheer her up. And it was Paul who helped Lew Ayres to get his first screen break.

He loved good music, fine art, and his pictures always evidenced his intelligence and culture. Hollywood will miss him, and Jean Harlow, his bride of two months, will miss him very much.

Poor Jean! So sensational in appearance, with her platinum hair and beautiful figure. It seems that her life must also be sensational—and tragic.

JUST about once in a blue moon a new and amazing personality flickers across the screens of this world. It would be nice to say that the movie producers know that they have sensational discoveries from the moment they set eyes on the new candidate for fame—but that would be a long way from the truth. M-G-M, for instance, thought it had an awful white elephant on its hands in Greta Garbo. Then came "The Torrent," and Garbo belonged to history.

Two new personalities of the year promise to zoom up to the lofty pinnacles of fame. Katherine Hepburn, who makes her début in "Bill of Divorcement," had a preview

audience jittering to itself. The Hepburn lady will be compared to Garbo for the pretty good reason that she makes you think of Garbo—but, nevertheless, she is very much a definite and unique personality, herself. She thought she was a flop in pictures and was preparing to return to New York, when RKO-Radio executives, after

preview reports, decided that Miss Hepburn was something of a cinema gold mine. And, by the way, for once those "society girl" stories have basis in fact. Katherine really belongs to the best people, my dear, and has enough money to buy Rolls Royces to match her hats—if she wishes.

The other current excitement in Hollywood—there's got to be current excitement about something—is Charles Laughton. You probably saw him in "Devil and the Deep." If you did, you won't forget him. Paramount says he will make you forget all about Jannings. Well, the rotund Mr. Laughton gave an amazing performance in this picture. He played a neurotic madman. Mister Freud, himself, couldn't have thought up a better case subject—and Laughton made you forget everything else in the picture—even if Gary Cooper and Tallulah Bankhead did have a hotso necking scene in a desert oasis.



Richard Dix, disguised as a Victorian, takes a breath-taking spin (at 8 miles per hour) in one of the first horseless carriages. Those were the days when America rode high, wide and handsome—as you'll see in "The Conquerors"

NOW that the dance marathon is all over, the Hollywood stars can catch up with their sleep. It has been going on for days and days, and nights and nights. You saw more movie people in the ballroom where this endurance test was held than in front of the Chinese Theatre on première night. Polly Moran was there a lot. One night she sang a song, and the next night Harpo Marx offered her a lot of money if she wouldn't sing. Someone said Kay Francis won a pie that was raffled. The proceeds went

(Continued on page 68)

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES

With the passing of Florenz Ziegfeld, perhaps the "Follies" and all their glamour have become history. This may make "Blondie of the Follies" of more than passing interest to those who happen to be conscious of the lighted lane called Broadway. The others will find it mild, smooth entertainment along conventional lines. The *Blondie* of the title is Marion Davies, one of Ziegfeld's star graduates; the story details her rise from a tenement to Park Avenue via the "Follies." The inevitable lover is Robert Montgomery, whose amusing suavity gives him the acting honors along with the star. The jealous Other Woman, surprisingly enough, is Billie Dove (another ex-Ziegfeld star), who appears a bit—er—buxom, but does nobly. Marion and Jimmy Durante do a neat Garbo-Barrymore burlesque.



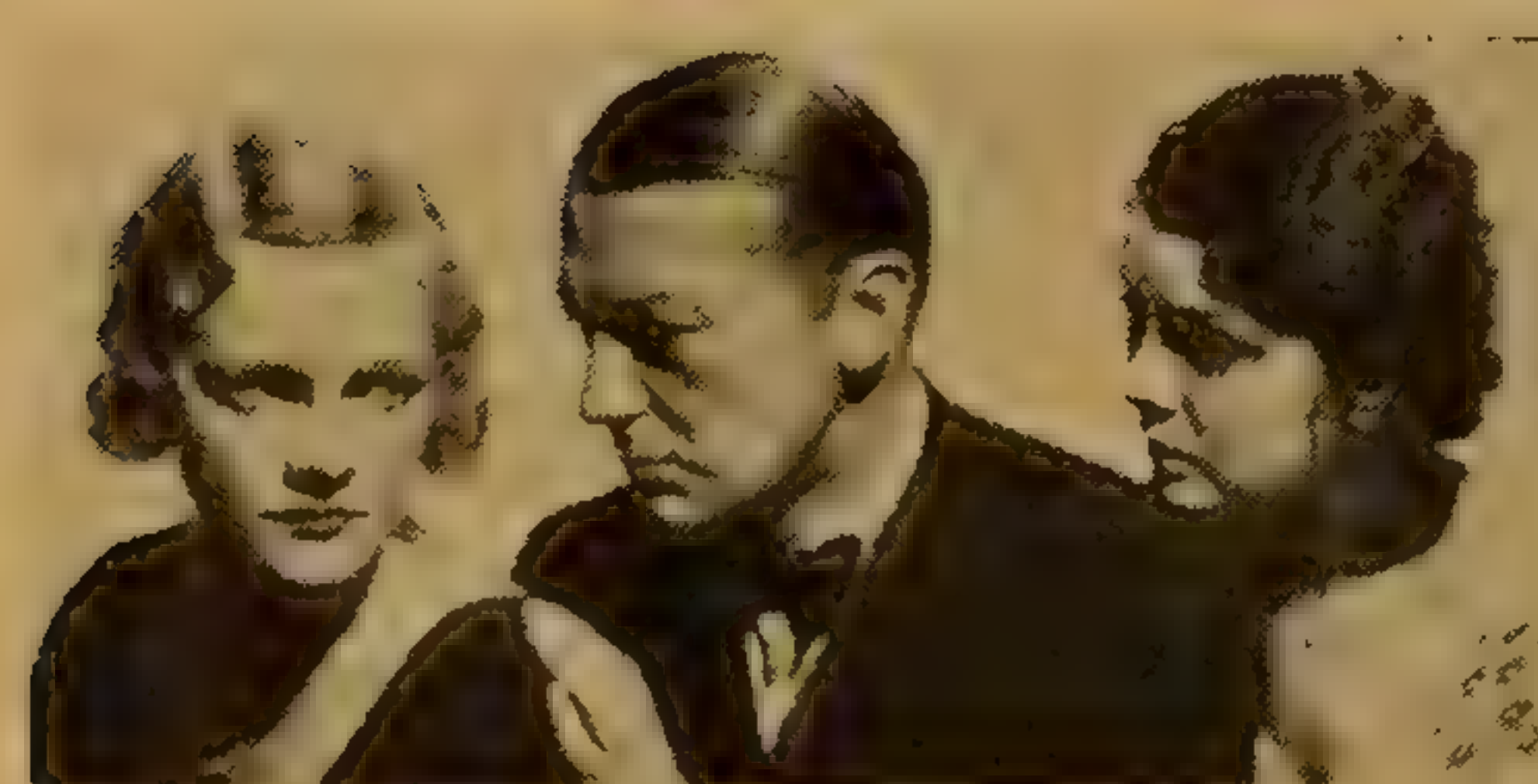
THE CRASH

The chief interest in "The Crash," I suspect, will be in studying Ruth Chatterton and George Brent in their scenes together—watching for signs of the romance that led to their marriage soon after the picture was finished. And you may have a hard time detecting them. Ruth Chatterton is one star is not afraid of unsympathetic rôles—and she has never proved this little fact better than in this picture. She is the discontented wife of a likable young Wall Street broker (Brent), and by her indiscretions costs him his fortune and takes both of them through a long, dreary time of unhappiness to an ending that is so suddenly happy that it seems artificial. The acting is beyond reproach, and the crash of the market in 1929 is pictured vividly, frantically. But affecting so few people, it is hardly an epic of the depression.



MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE

To my mind, Douglas Fairbanks, the Elder, deserves the Distinguished Service Cross or, at the very least, the Congressional Medal. His courage is colossal. The world is in the throes of a depression, and he has the daring to give it a fantasy, instead of a carload of sympathy! Personally, I found his effort a tonic. It is a sprightly fairy tale-comedy-travelogue, with Doug and the South Seas the whole show. He seems to be having the time of his life, and his enthusiasm for what he is doing is contagious. Cast away on a beautiful tropical island, he brings *Robinson Crusoe* up to date—even to the point of finding a *Saturday*, instead of a *Friday*. This *Saturday* is played by the new Spanish beauty, Maria Alba. Don't miss seeing it, if you're still capable of feeling young.



THE NIGHT OF JUNE 13TH

The title suggested a murder mystery to me, but I found the picture is something else again. A woman does die, and a man is accused of murdering her—but the suspense arises from the testimony of his neighbors at his trial, for you happen to know he is innocent. The setting is a town in which everyone knows everyone else and their lives are all tangled up together, but to save their own little reputations, the neighbors are willing to perjure themselves. It may not be a typical community, but it is a vivid one—with Clive Brook the man on trial, Adrienne Allen as the woman he is accused of murdering, and Lila Lee as the girl he is suspected of loving. Gene Raymond and Frances Dee, the new juvenile love team, are also present.



LIFE BEGINS

When 1932 is over, "Life Begins" will stand out as one of the memorable pictures of the year. It has both power and beauty. Here, for the first time, the movies have the courage to speak out aloud about the great drama of Birth. The setting is the maternity ward of a big hospital, and most of the characters are women who are awaiting motherhood with varying degrees of expectation. Some want children, some don't, some are indifferent. Into this ward enter melodrama, comedy, tragedy. Here, also, come Loretta Young, piteous girl-convict, and her young husband (Eric Linden), who is asked to choose between her life and the baby's. Their acting—and that of Aline MacMahon as a nurse—is something you won't forget. Elliott Nugent, of acting fame, directed.



ONCE IN A LIFETIME

For Hollywood to have produced this Broadway burlesque of the movies should convince the world that the old movie town CAN laugh at itself—that is, once in a lifetime. It hilariously insinuates that Hollywood didn't know what it was all about, when talkies first arrived. A third-rate vaudeville trio, dead broke, bluff their way into a studio and soft jobs. Aline MacMahon persuades a producer she can teach dumb little starlets how to talk; Russell Hopton lands a romantic rôle, and Goes Hollywood; Jack Oakie, who's not so bright, becomes a great director by shooting the wrong picture. The dialogue is witty, studio customs are devastatingly exaggerated, and the acting is okay, when it isn't exaggerated by Oakie. If you think the movies need a little kidding, I'd advise you not to miss it.

• New York hails a new hit!

"Life Begins" draws greatest critical ovation in years on Broadway. Read every word of these sensational opinions by famous critics—for every word says "You must see it!"

"A film for all the women of all the world. And for every man born of woman, too. Startling, tensely dramatic, would wring weeps from a stone god—or a living one ... 'Life Begins' fulfills every promise, every hope."

N. Y. American

"Warner Brothers develop a new idea ... 'Life Begins' ... ought to be seen."

*Arthur Brisbane
in his column "Today"*

"A true, simple masterpiece of motion picture drama ... It is a great photoplay ..."

N. Y. Journal

"Ought to make Hollywood sit up and respect itself."

N. Y. Post

"A searching human document that will stir the heart and mind and soul of every man and woman who views it ... will linger in the memory of everyone long after most pictures have been forgotten."

Film Daily

"Refreshing, terrifying, astounding."

Hollywood Reporter

"Four stars . . . Film epic . . . Genuinely dramatic film."

N. Y. News

"Strong drama, powerful pathos, rich humor, everything which goes to make an entertaining movie went into this one."

N. Y. Mirror

**"'Life Begins' turns all eyes to
WARNER BROS."**

— N. Y. American

With Loretta Young . . . Eric Linden . . . Aline McMahon . . . Preston Foster . . . Glenda Farrell
Directed by James Flood . . . Co-directed by Elliott Nugent . . . A First National Picture



Oh Lady, Be Sweet —

Oh, lady, wherever you are and whatever your age, be sweet. Be sweet in thought. Be sweet in manner. And above all, be sweet in breath. For halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. Its presence nullifies every other charm you may possess. The one way to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach is to use Listerine, the

quick deodorant with the pleasant taste. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night—and between times before social or business engagements. Listerine instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours. It puts you on the polite and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

LISTERINE

THE QUICK DEODORANT THAT ENDS HALITOSIS.

MOVIE CLASSIC

By
ELISABETH
GOLDBECK



BILL POWELL talks about his WIFE



EVERYTHING else having failed, a new formula for Hollywood men who wish to hold their wives has been evolved by no less a bridegroom than William Powell. Bill speaks from personal experience, and his pronouncement is this: *If you wish to avoid the pitfalls of that first year, marry a girl whose health won't permit her to leave the house for months after the ceremony.*

Sounds like a cure that's worse than the disease. But if you must be sick, at least it's nice to know that it has advantages, and Carole Lombard and Bill are a living proof that his theory works.

A flock of meanies have tried to plant an idea in the public mind that the Powells are separating—probably hoping, in the ghoulish manner of Hollywood gossips, that the thought would soon take root even in the Powell household, and flower into a beautiful divorce scandal. The reason for discord given by the gossips, who withhold nothing, is that Bill is fed up with having an ailing wife. And the purpose of this present treatise is to show just how mistaken they are. Heaven grant that the Powells won't fail me before the date of publication!

Because Carole Lombard has been ill so much since their marriage, Hollywood has the idea that Bill is longing for his freedom. But Bill denies it—and reveals how her illness has helped them to avoid the pitfalls of "the first year"!

Marriage has been one long siege of illness for Carole Lombard. It started on their Honolulu honeymoon. (They were married June 26, 1931.) Bill went out one morning, and came back to the hotel to find Carole in bed with a nurse and a bad case of influenza. Their departure from the Islands was delayed a week on account of it, and Carole was still snuffling and wheezing into a large handkerchief when the boat docked at home.

From then on, the germs banded together against her. No sooner had she recovered from the first assault than she returned to Paramount to work, caught a chill on a drafty stage, and was back in bed the next day with a new assortment of

complaints. You know the rest. Carole couldn't seem to shake off the jinx, and in the little more than a year that they've been married, she has been in bed with some illness or other practically all the time.

It seems to be the consensus of Hollywood opinion that an enthusiastic bridegroom might get pretty tired of this. What fun can it be to have an invalid around all the time, instead of the lively, luscious girl you married? That's the impertinent question Hollywood asks.

(Continued on page 68)



This picture of Jean Harlow and Paul Bern was taken just before their marriage last July

JEAN HARLOW— Tortured by Tragedy

By DOROTHY CALHOUN



Jean, temporarily crazed by the shock of the tragedy, blindly ran toward a window in her mother's home, whither she had been called from the studio and told the news. She was not attempting suicide; she was seeking some way to get out of the room, to go to Paul. Friendly hands restrained her. For hours, she was hysterical. For days, she was near collapse. Detectives, puzzled in their search for a motive for Bern's suicide—a puzzle heightened by the note he left—called on Jean. The note, said the girl so tragically widowed, bewildered and puzzled her, too. She could not understand . . .

The motives for Paul Bern's suicide became the greatest mystery of Hollywood since the baffling murder of Wil-

TWO months and two days after Jean Harlow had become the happy bride of Paul Bern, powerful and popular studio executive, he was found dead—a mysterious suicide—in the luxurious home that had been his wedding present to the famous platinum blonde girl, twenty-one years younger than himself. And the first thing Hollywood wondered was: Did Paul Bern end his beautiful wife's career when he ended his own life? Is there tragedy ahead, too?

Beside his body lay a note addressed to Jean: "Dearest dear—Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and wipe out my abject humiliation. I love you—Paul." There was a postscript: "You understand that last night was only a comedy."



Acme

Paul Bern (center) was "a student of suicide," friends now reveal. Also, it has been revealed that there was a previous "Mrs. Bern"—the mysterious "Dorothy Millette" (above), also a suicide



Below, the Berns' "honeymoon house"—scene of the tragedy

Famous platinum blonde, a happy bride of two months and on her way to great fame, is widowed at twenty-one by the suicide of her producer-husband, Paul Bern. Mystery surrounding the motive for his act may never be solved, but it is in your power to solve the mystery in Jean's mind: What does the future hold for her?

Right, Jean Harlow (then Harlean Carpenter) at the age of six—and a beauty even then



Internation



Acme

Jean married Paul a year and a half after divorcing Charles F. McGrew, II (above)

liam Desmon
tor, in 1922—
unsolved. Ma
father of Jean
the couple had

LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST

By DOROTHY MANNERS

THE rumor persists in Hollywood that all is not well between Gloria Swanson and her latest husband, Michael Farmer. If this gossip is true, then, for the fourth time it will prove that Gloria cannot remain happily married and *make a motion picture at the same time!*

Gloria's romances invariably start between pictures, a European



Pryer

Now that George Brent has a gun in his hands, he feels better. Just let any interviewers try to interrupt his honeymoon now!

honeymoon usually follows, and everything is sweet and lovely, with Gloria talking of the joys of matrimony and motherhood. For six months or a year, Gloria is in love—and in Paradise. And then comes the time when Gloria once again turns her attention to her career and becomes Gloria, The Business Woman.

When Gloria works, everything else is pushed out of her life. She eats, sleeps and breathes her picture. More than one husband has been forgotten

when Gloria has gone to work—and she is reported to be encountering all sorts of difficulties in her London-made picture. In the picture, whose title is "Perfect Understanding" (!), Michael Farmer plays the husband of Genevieve Tobin.



The glamour of the Ben-
ts is apparent even
ingham—as Joan
es above in a scene
"Wild Girl," with
Ralph Bellamy

AFTER nearly two years in an Arizona sanitarium, Renée Adorée has returned to Hollywood, weighing ninety-eight pounds and looking glori-

ously happy and healthy. Her closest friend, Dorothy Sebastian, and Dot's husband, Bill Boyd, were at the train to meet her. After two more months of rest, she will resume her career—at her old studio, M-G-M, which didn't forget Renée. Her comeback rôle has not been selected yet, but it will find the little French girl eager. Wonder if she will ever remake "The Big Parade"?

WHOOEVER started that foolish story about Joan Bennett and Gene Markey—namely, that they had not yet paid the organist who pealed out the wedding march at their marriage last March—is very wrong about the facts in the case.

It is true that the lady organist, Florence Sanger, did sue to recover the thirty dollars due her for the short-and-long-stop music she supplied for the Markey nuptials—but she was not suing Joan and Gene. Her suit was filed against Ed Daniels, a florist, who had agreed to “attend to all the details” of the wedding party for Joan and her writer-husband. It seems that the flower decorations cost Joan and Gene \$325, the rental of the palms was \$48, and \$30 was paid by the Markeys “for services of an organist.” The cancelled check to prove that the money for that purpose had been paid to Daniels was introduced in court.

Miss Sanger collected—and now we all know just what it costs movie folks to decorate the house for a wedding.

WHEN it was announced in the newspapers and over the radio that Eva Tanguay (at one time reputed to be worth \$2,000,000 and well-known as a vaudeville and Broadway headliner) was seriously ill and “broke” in a modest house in Los Angeles, the movie folks responded with that generosity that is characteristic of them. There is nothing that touches the heart and pocketbook of Hollywood so quickly as the news of a fellow-player in distress.

Though many of the benefactors who sent money to the famous Eva refused to divulge their names, it is said that the Marx brothers entered several thousand dollars in the actress' bank account, with instructions that she was not to know where it came from.

LILY DAMITA is no longer Lily Damita. The little French actress has changed her name, or had it changed for her by Warner Broth-



Lupe Velez is back from Broadway with a brand-new haircomb, and making up to Walter Huston in “Kongo.” Walter seems to be wondering if he can take it—



Looks as if Fifi Dorsay has a rival! Her name is Thelma Hill, and she's coy in Educational Comedies with Andy Clyde



Know who this is? Nils Asther, as Yen in “The Bitter Tea of General Yen!” It took him two hours to make up

ers, to the more exotically-spelled *Lili* Damita.

It seems that Lili is going to play a very alluring, exotic rôle in “The Match King”—a rôle that they tried to get Garbo to play—and somebody at Warners decided that “i” is a much more sexy letter than “y” and will look better on the seductive posters.

Well, it's all right with Lili. She says she will probably keep the name. Did we hear anybody say anything about a publicity stunt?

HELEN TWELVETREES and her husband, Frank Woody, have left for New York, where Helen will await the arrival of the expected heir. Their hospitable Brentwood home will be closed for two months, which is going to be a big disappointment to a lot of people who always have such an awfully good time at Helen's and Frank's.

The Woodys have the swellest collection of exciting games of any stellar establishment in Hollywood (and I don't mean the inevitable bridge or poker). They are the proud possessors of a top-spinning game more exciting than the dog races, your favorite football game and a dance marathon all going at the same time.

SUE CAROL, Lola Lane and Dixie Lee have been keeping bachelor-girl quarters at Sue's house while their respective husbands, Nick Stuart, Lew Ayres and Bing

Crosby, have been fishing for "big ones" in Mexican waters. Counting six-weeks-old Carol Lee Stuart makes four "girls."

SALLYEILERS

S holds the record for the longest-lasting cold in Hollywood. At first, the cold was a nuisance—but as it goes on and on like an endurance contest, Sally is beginning to take a slight pride in it. After all, not everybody can catch a cold that lasts for two or three months! Besides, it has made Sally's voice husky and most attractive. In "Hat-Check Girl," her newest picture, Sally sounds like a cross between Ethel Barrymore and Katharine Cornell.

R. H. Louise



According to all reports, Anna Sten, the Soviet movie queen who has come over to learn Hollywood ways, is about ready to tear her hair (brunette, you'll note) over learning the English language. As soon as she does learn it, you'll see her opposite Ronald Colman

NORMA SHEARER was very

N upset the other day when a photographer sprang out from behind wherever it is photographers hide, and snapped a picture of Norma with Irving Thalberg, Jr., in her arms. Instead of growing angry, Norma went up to the photographer, explained just why she did not want her son's picture to appear in print and before the startled young man knew what had happened to him, he had agreed to tear up the picture.

Considering that the picture was worth a great

They're calling Wallace Beery "squaw man" now. When he goes walking with his dog, he takes little Carol Ann Beery along in papoose fashion. Clever?



C. S. Bull

It takes an old-fashioned girl to get a kick out of ice water, says Ann Harding (above), who has spent a torrid summer dressed as a Victorian charmer in "The Conquerors." Likethecurls? There's a rumor these styles are coming back!



Richee

Here's a study in nonchalance—by Susan Fleming. She has won a big contract since being the feminine love interest in "Million-Dollar Legs"

deal of money to him through sales to newspapers and magazines, it was a most magnanimous gesture. Norma must have realized this, for she offered to buy the print from him. But the gentleman insisted upon being gallant. He tore it up. . . .

MARLENE DIETRICH'S favorite game is

Blackjack.

Bebe Daniels' is Bridge.

Constance Talmadge prefers Tennis.

Helen Twelvetrees likes Parchesi.

Janet Gaynor likes Blackjack.

Marie Prevost goes for Poker.

WHEN Bebe Daniels tinted her raven-black hair to blonde, all her friends advised her that she had made a mistake and that the brunette coloring was much more becoming to her. So Bebe went brunette again.

No sooner had she acquired her original coloring than Warner Brothers requested her to go blonde for her rôle opposite Edward G. Robinson in

(Continued on page 62)



Below, Joel, the fashion-plate—who says that clothes make him uncomfortable. He's looking for rôles that will give his torso a chance and let him be himself, as at the left

Ex-Ladies' Man —That's JOEL MCCREA!

The boy who used to squire Connie Bennett around has changed from ladies' man to he-man. For one thing, he has taken off his shirt. And he has taken Charlie Bickford's tip to stop being sweet; he's acquiring menace now. The girls have found a new hero—but Joel is just too busy for romance!

By BETTY WILLIS

A GREAT big change has come over Joel McCrea of late. In the first place, he has taken off his shirt, for purposes of the cinema. Not only his shirt, but his undershirt. Right down to the epidermis is Joel, and with the shirt have been shed a lot of the misconceptions the world had about him.

Because female stars from Connie Bennett down have grabbed at him to be their leading man, and because he's one of the most invited-out bachelors in Hollywood, Joel has acquired the reputation of being a ladies' man and a Beau Brummel. People always think of him in a tux and a stiff shirt, with some glamorous star on his arm. I won't deny that that has often been a true picture, but it was expediency and not romance that brought it about.

The truth is that Joel hates to wear clothes, and he doesn't give a hang about women. He likes them immensely, in an offhand way, but if you could hear him voice a few shrewd comments on the various stars he has supported, you would realize that he sees them stripped of

glamour and in a cold, clear light. He tries to view himself with the same candor. He has popular young Hollywood bachelors all figured out, in a manner that would deflate almost anyone's ego.

Joel has no delusions about himself. Women stars continue to fight over him, and if he so much as asks a girl for a dance, she's apt to come back with almost any kind of offer. But to all this, Joel is genuinely indifferent. With some boys, it's women. With Joel, it's career.

You'll notice that most of the women in Joel's life Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Mackaill, Constance Bennett

(Continued on page 70)



STARS INVENT A NEW KIND OF DIVORCE

By NANCY PRYOR

EVEN little children know that divorces are as common in Hollywood as love scenes on the screen. But not everyone knows that the stars have invented a NEW kind of divorce—a divorce that makes it practically impossible for an ex-wife to lose an ex-husband! It may be easy to get a decree in Hollywood, but it's not so simple to act divorced!

It's not the original decree—it's the hangover! They can't shake off the matrimonial hangover of friendship, even romance; they can't lose the habit of constant communications over mutual interests, including the bootlegger's telephone number or the name of the hand laundry that does the shirts so well. Somebody once said that marriage is one-half whatever you want to make it, and the other half—HABIT. It might be said of many Hollywood divorces, that except for *two* roofs where there used to be *one*, the responsibilities of matrimony go merrily on in just the same old fashion.

For instance, while Maurice Chevalier was busy filing a divorce suit against his wife, Yvonne Vallée Chevalier, on the grounds of "incompatibility," the lady herself was out trying to rent Maurice a "comfortable" villa where he could rest during his European rest-divorce trip. After all, argued the amazing Yvonne, who knew Maurice's tastes better than she? Probably between thinking up clauses on her own secret counter-suit, she was putting laundry marks on the Chevalier linen and having the bedroom drapes changed from bright yellow to green because Maurice doesn't like yellow.

To cap the climax, when the villa was actually rented and furnished, and, practically right in the midst of the newspaper flurry over their parting, Yvonne announced that she would probably remain for a visit with Maurice!

"Maurice really needs a good rest," explained Mrs.



After Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor (above) got their "civilized" divorce, Estelle "saw more of Jack than ever"

Chevalier, who was practically right on the ragged edge of becoming the Ex-Mrs. Chevalier. "No one can save him so much, or understands him as well as I do. I think matrimony has been the trouble with us all along. When we are free, we will probably fall in love with each other all over again!"

Now there was a breather even for Hollywood, more or less accustomed to the "kiss" brand of divorce! Of course, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister had walked into a Reno divorce court hand-



Acme

Austin Parker is no longer the hubby of Miriam Hopkins (above)—but he plays papa to her newly adopted little boy. And Harry Bannister won't pose with other lady friends, for fear of embarrassing Ann Harding (right), who divorced him

in-hand and had actually posed on the courthouse steps kissing "good-bye"—but you really have to hand the palm to the Chevaliers, who surprised two continents by threatening to be-



Right and left, movie stars are suing for freedom from their mates—and then proving that a divorce decree doesn't always part a couple. Ruth Chatterton, Yvonne Chevalier, Ann Harding, Bobbe Weissmuller, Miriam Hopkins—these girls find that a Hollywood husband is hard to lose!

come lovers after they were divorced! They had invented a new kind of divorce, and no doubt about it!

A great many people believe that little Bobbe Arnst knew she was about to lose her handsome husband, Johnny Weissmuller, a long time before she was willing to admit it. But even when the break actually came, Bobbe didn't know whether she was really losing a husband—or merely getting a divorce!

Johnny Needed Bobbe's Help

JOHNNY had moved his clothes to the Athletic Club and the papers were filled with their divorce plans, and yet it was very much of a husband who would call Bobbe on the 'phone and beg her to send their old laundry man over to pick up his shirts, and to tell him the name of that little Spanish café they had discovered together, and whether or not he was overdrawn at the



Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton (above) are no longer marital partners—but they still are business partners and will produce plays together. Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor were supposed to be in a hurry for divorce—but delayed step



Maurice Chevalier filed a divorce suit against his wife, Yvonne, and then went down to the romantic Riviera to stay with her!

After Johnny Weissmuller moved out, he kept calling Bobbe Arnst for favors, asking the address of the laundry man, and such things



Divorce split up Colleen Moore and John McCormick (above), but he's still her best-wisher



Russell Ball

bank. As Bobbe explained to a friend: "Johnny is just a little boy. Somehow I can't believe that anything like this separation has actually happened to us. I can't help worrying about the silliest things... I wonder who is going to darn his socks and see that he gets to the studio on time?" And probably a year from now, divorced and everything, Johnny will still be

calling Bobbe about the laundry man! For the Weissmullers, in their own quiet way, have also invented a new kind of divorce!

Peggy Shannon and Allen Davis have been separated for two years and yet just let one of the young Hollywood eligible bachelors try to get a date with Peggy! Allen is usually at her apartment waiting for her to come home so they can go to dinner together. "He's worse than a husband," Peggy once laughed. "He's a jealous beau!"

Though Peggy is legally free to come and go as she pleases, she usually pleases to go with Allen. They go to picture shows and hold hands. They step out on dates to the Coconut Grove. They seem to be ideally happy together... "except when we're married and living together," explains the red-headed Peggy, who doesn't seem to mind in the least that Allen is a very-hard-to-lose husband. They've invented a new kind of separation—which is second cousin

(Continued on page 60)

HOLLYWOOD VOTES for the *FIRST TIME*

Did you know that until this year Hollywood has been almost a voteless village? For one reason or another, few players ever voted. But this year they're all marching to the polls—some to protest against Prohibition, some to fight taxes, and others to try to put Roosevelt in the White House, or keep Hoover there. Pity the foreign stars—they have to stay home!

ACTORS have never been important politically. No campaigning politicians have ever hung about stage doors or studio gates, waiting to slap John Barrymore on the back, give Clark Gable a cigar or kiss Bebe Daniels' baby—until this year. Actors, as a class, have been almost completely disenfranchised people for one reason and another. Hundreds of them, living in Hollywood, will vote this year for the first time in their lives!

There is so great a number of these débutante voters, indeed, that local politicians, girding their loins for



Will

Jeanette

Robert

the coming battle, are seriously and eagerly concerned with the problem of how to approach them and secure their support. Hollywood finds herself, somewhat to her astonishment, politically important. Political-minded executives are taking steps to see to it that their little charges are instructed in the gentle art of putting little crosses in exactly the right corners of their ballots. Registration booths have been established at all the big studios.

RKO introduced its employees officially to William Gibbs McAdoo, the Democratic candidate for United States Senator, at luncheons given on the lot. Jack Warner gave the

Garner Club and the McAdoo-for-Senator Club and laid plans for a huge mass meeting of the entire industry. They secured pledges of support from such important executives as Darryl Zanuck, Jesse L. Lasky, Carl Laemmle, Jr., Winfield Sheehan, Harry Cohn and Henry McRae. It began to look like a Democratic landslide in the picture industry!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was just a trifle uneasy with all these goings on. With William Randolph Hearst, an ardent and powerful Democrat, a



Above, Aline MacMahon registers. Except for Will Rogers, the stars to left and right are "first voters" this year



Acme

Last December, Norma Shearer took the oath of allegiance to the United States and became a citizen. She can vote now

political ball its real push when he invited the executives of each studio to lunch, with Mr. McAdoo as guest of honor. They organized the motion picture Roosevelt-and-



Connie

Bebe

producer on the lot; and Louis B. Mayer, president of the company, a warm personal friend of President Hoover, and one of the few motion picture people who have ever slept in the White House—well, you can see how employees of that studio would feel! It would be exceedingly tactless for one of them to whisper his political preferences—even to his wife! What to do—what to do?

But it is not merely nudgings from high circles that are inspiring stars, both male and female, to put their fingers into the Presidential pie this year. Most of them are taking an actual and practical interest in politics for the first time. You see, if you live in hotels and flit about the face of the map, as stage actors do, never knowing one season where you will be living the next—you can't be expected to take much interest in how your government is run. But when you settle down and buy a home and put your children in school and become a taxpayer, you waken suddenly to a sense of civic responsibility, to an interest in the conduct of affairs of state. And you want to vote.

Motion picture actors have discovered, also, that there are problems of government which touch them personally and intimately. Problems of taxation, of control of censorship, of tariff on films, the immigration quota laws, problems of the foreign markets. And there is scarcely an actor who is not interested just now, directly or otherwise, in the question of the Eighteenth Amendment. The result of all this is that some of them read the front pages of the newspapers even before they turn to the reviews of their current pictures! And that has *certainly* never happened before! Hollywood is undergoing a revolution in habits.

When the question of further taxation on theatre tickets arose in Washington, studio executives sent memorandums to every employee on several of the lots, requesting opinions and suggestions. After all, taxation at the box office may seriously affect an actor's income! It behooves him to investigate.

Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery,

fashion in which Norma always does things—employed a tutor, took up the study of government, economics, American history—and passed, of course, at the head of her class. Paul Lukas has recently been naturalized and is being frightfully enthusiastic in his quest for information upon subjects of national importance.

Mary Pickford became a citizen of the United States years ago when she married Owen Moore. (Mary was born in Canada, too, you know.) She and Douglas Fairbanks, being a bit more civic-minded than most of our actors, have always gone to the polls when the occasion presented itself. But this year they are intensely interested—Mary in the re-submission of the Prohibition Amendment and Doug in problems of taxation. Doug feels strongly that the burden of taxation should be laid upon the rich—and he wants to have a voice in these matters. But it looks as if he'll be voting by absentee ballot—for he is off globe-trotting again.

These Stars Can't Vote

MARLENE DIETRICH, Boris Karloff, Charlie Chaplin, Elissa Landi, Clive Brook, Tala Birell, Maurice Chevalier—none of these may vote because they are not citizens.

Jeanette MacDonald has never voted before because she was afraid she might be drawn for jury duty! She is suppressing her fears this year.

A surprising number of people who have lived in Hollywood for years have never taken the trouble to vote before—merely because they were not interested. Colleen Moore is among these. So are Estelle Taylor and Neil Hamilton and Gary Cooper. Ben Lyon and Bebe have never voted before.

"Motherhood," Bebe says ruefully, "presents more problems than I ever dreamed of. Not only must I



Above, Polly Moran autographs a voters' registration book. Tala Birell and Marlene Dietrich can't vote, being aliens. Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Ann Harding are voting for the first time



Irene Tala

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., John Boles—even stuttering Rosco Ates—will vote for President for the first time this autumn. None of them has ever had a permanent residence before, during a national election—having been stage folk.

Ann Harding was brought up in a family that always took an active interest in politics but never, since Ann came of age, has she lived in one place long enough to exercise her privilege. But now she has her own home; there are problems that touch her and upon which she wishes to express her preference—and she intends to vote.

Norma Shearer will vote for the first time this year. Norma was born in Canada and has only recently been naturalized. She went about the matter in the thorough



Marlene Doug, Jr. Ann

make a study of the relationship between spinach and a small morsel of humanity—but I must also make a study of national problems and hie myself to the polls at election time, if I am to do my duty to my child! It's appalling!"

The Hamiltons, too, have discovered that a home of their own and an adopted baby suddenly make politics seem important.

Constance Bennett, since the last Presidential election, has become a woman with rather staggering financial interests and must needs concern herself with problems of taxation. Connie is one of Hollywood's most ardent supporters of repeal, feeling that it may end the Depression. She's voting for the first time this year. So is her sister, Joan, who wasn't old enough to vote in 1928.

(Continued on page 62)

You Can't Always COPY

a Movie Star

An Open Letter To An Old Friend,
Miss Movie Fan

FROM
BARBARA FOSS

DEAR FANETTE: Just yesterday I read something in the papers tucked down in a corner of the "Woman's Page" that gave me quite a turn. It read: "*The young girls of America are patterning themselves more and more after the movie stars of Hollywood . . . in the way they wear their hair . . . the clothes they select . . . in their personal, professional and social lives!*"

It was the last idea that rather gave me the shock. Of course, after six Garbo-mad years I had become quite used to the long scraggy shoulder bobs flying out from under hats perched precariously on the side of the head. And on several occasions I've strongly suspected the Kay Francis influence among the slicked-down-tight brunettes. I've been served in restaurants by carbon copies of Janet Gaynor, and once, a Joan Crawford (eyebrows, mouth and everything) sold me a reducing girdle.

But with all this evidence of Hollywood turned loose on the world, I hadn't quite suspected that movie stars were setting a personal, social or etiquette code. I hope I don't seem narrow in remarking that the idea presents amazing possibilities.

Consider the débutante daughter of the Average Family behaving after, say, the social manner of Gertie Google with a taste for champagne in bed, a tendency to slide a skirt to the knee-line when sitting down and a slew of *bon mots* that would raise the hair on a Mexican Hairless. Even suppose we simplify the idea (what with champagne at its present prices), there's still the picture of Snappy Sixteen (formerly Sweet Sixteen) awakening to a gin fizz, hoisting an ankle, and drawling the Main Street *bon mot*: "Oh, yeah?"

Far be it from me to deny that movie stars have done a lot of good in the world. If it weren't for their collective beauty tips, we'd all probably still be running around the streets

(Continued on page 72)



When you look into your mirror, do you see a girl who looks like Greta Garbo? Or do you copy Lilyan Tashman (at top) or Connie Bennett (upper right) or Kay Francis (lower right)?

◆ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ◆

The girls of the ensemble in Eddie Cantor's new words-and-music picture, "The Kid From Spain," have taken a tip from the college crews who dunk their coxswains after winning a race. After putting them through their paces the girls gave the dance director, Busby Berkeley, an involuntary and unwilling dunking. And did Busby cry "Mamma!"



Acme

She's a ringer for Alice White—is Mlle. Dinah Sari, who has things her own way in Greece. She is her country's one and only film star



Keystone

Remember Renee Adoree in "The Big Parade?" She has returned to Hollywood completely cured in health after spending two years in an Arizona sanitarium. She hopes to return to film work within three months



"Milk baths for contented actresses," says Claudette Colbert who bathes in the lactic fluid in "The Sign of the Cross." And thereby hangs a beauty hint. See story, page 31



Welbourn

Warners are making big plans for Eleanor Holm, Olympic backstroke swimming champion. She will be featured just as soon as she learns her acting a, b, c's. See story, page 28



FEW OLYMPIC ATHLETES RECEIVE MOVIE OFFERS

Film Tests Show Most Athletes Have Handsome Bodies, But Plain Faces—Eleanor Holm, Champion Swimmer, Is Notable Exception And Is Being Groomed For Stardom

By EVELYN DERR



Eleanor Holm, back-stroke swimming champion, has been signed by Warners. Her beauty is exceptional for a girl athlete

THE world's best men and women, physically speaking, recently gathered in Los Angeles to break all but three or four world records for athletic prowess. More than three hundred of them competed in the Olympic Games. Less than a half-dozen were given screen offers after the Games were ended!

"Athletes have beautifully shaped bodies, but their faces are usually plain. They show the terrific strain they undergo, in grim jaw development, lines of strain about the mouth and eyes, and over-developed facial muscles," said one studio photographer who tested several girl contestants.

One bright exception is Eleanor Holm of New York, who won the back-stroke swimming championship. This shapely and piquant little swimmer turned down a stage offer from the late Florenz Ziegfeld, so that she could participate in the Olympics—an event that usually comes only once in the lifetime of an athlete. With the Games over and her championship won, she consented to movie tests—and was signed by Warners, who promise featured rôles for her, will not capitalize on her swimming prowess, and are giving her six months of dramatic training before putting her before the cameras. It's apparent that they expect great things from Eleanor.

Buster Crabbe, champion swimmer (left), has been tested for he-man rôles, *a la* Weissmuller



Left, Eleanor Holm—who has put aside her bathing suit—proves that she can dress as smartly as any actress. She will not swim for the movies, but will be featured in romantic rôles. Above, Georgia Coleman, another girl swimmer tested for the films

Little Dorothy Poynton, high-diving champion, is a local girl—seventeen, with platinum blonde hair, a tiny, but shapely figure, and large eyes. She is dickering with one of the larger studios at the moment. Helene Madison, the Seattle girl-swimmer who broke an Olympic record, has signed with John Clein, independent producer, to make a feature.

Georgia Coleman, Los Angeles girl-diver, has taken movie tests.

Buster Crabbe and George Halloran, Olympic swimming champions, have been tested by Paramount, which is still considering signing them. (It's no secret that studios are looking for another Weissmuller.) Ingeborg Sjoquist, pretty blonde diver from Sweden, also was tested—though she would have to learn English before appearing on the screen.

When José Zabala, young Argentine, gamely staggered across the finish line of the cruel twenty-six-mile Marathon, the enthusiasm of the throng sent two movie producers hurrying down into the athlete's quarters with screen offers for the little hero. However, Zabala—a newsboy in his native land—did not choose to run for movie fame, as well, and departed happily to his own country at the close of the Games.

MRS. JOLSON ENTERS FILMS—AL NOT AFRAID HE WILL LOSE HER

"Mammy" Singer Springs Big Contract On Ruby Keeler, Former Ziegfeld Star, As Birthday Surprise—Al Says, "She Won't Let Career Interfere With Love"

By SONIA LEE

TWO careers in a family have always been considered a danger to domestic bliss. But Al Jolson doesn't fear the picture now imminent for his wife, Ruby Keeler, former Ziegfeld beauty, who forsook the stage when she married the famous "Mammy" singer and star of the first talkie, September 21, 1928.

She has been placed under a long-term contract by Warner Brothers, and will be featured in the pretentious "Forty-Second Street," which also includes Warren William, Kay Francis, Joan Blondell, Richard Barthelmess and George Brent in the cast. The contract was in the nature of a birthday present. On August 25, Darryl Zanuck, production chief of the studio, called Jolson regarding the possibility of getting Miss Keeler's name on the dotted line.

"If you can get the contract ready by tonight," Jolson told him, "we'll spring it on her tomorrow as a surprise. It's her birthday. She'll sign."

She did. And it is reported that she is to receive \$2,000 a week for her first picture, with an ascending salary scale for additional ones. Jolson is his wife's agent and manager, and he is delighted with his new rôle. What is more, he's certain Ruby will be a sensation.

"Of course, I am pleased that Ruby is to have an opportunity in pictures," he declares. "She has been terribly lonely out here, and homesick for New York. The reason has been that she hasn't had anything to keep her busy in Hollywood. Doing a picture will keep her interested and amused. And if she doesn't like films—she can always quit."

"One thing is sure—she won't let a career interfere in any way with our love and our life together. She purposely

sensible girl, and attaches the right value to everything. So I am not in the least disturbed by the possibility of having another picture star in the family."

At one time United Artists wanted Ruby Keeler to appear in a picture with Jolson. But they both vetoed the suggestion. "We both felt," points out Jolson, "that it would put too great a strain on us—working together all day, and then coming home with the same worries and the same problems. Ruby refused point-blank. She said *Acme* that if she were appearing with me, I'd worry about her work and mine, too. And she was right. But as it is, Warners will do all the worrying."

Work, for Ruby Keeler, isn't a life-and-death matter. She can take it or leave it alone. Jolson's earnings are enormous, and he is famous as an indulgent husband. But as a new interest—Al Jolson is all in favor of his wife's movie career.

Ruby's contract with Warners came as a surprise to Hollywood, which was not aware that Al and the studio for which he made the first talkie ("The Jazz Singer") were on friendly terms. After finishing "Big Boy" in 1930, Al signed up with his old pal, Joseph Schenck, at United Artists. Maybe Hollywood was wrong about any ill feeling between Jolson and his former studio—though Al is reported to have made this wisecrack: "I'm even now! They've signed up my wife for a five-year contract."

Having finished "The New Yorker," his first picture in two years, he is starting on a personal appearance tour.



Al Jolson (above) predicts that Ruby Keeler, his dancer-wife (left), will be a sensation—and that, if she is, they'll still be as close as they are in circle

hurt herself, falling down a flight of stairs, when she was featured in Ziegfeld's "Show Girl," because she wanted to be with me. And I guess a girl who could do that wouldn't be much inclined to let a picture complicate or diminish our happiness. She is an unusually intelligent and

SWANSON LAWYER INSISTS LUXURIES ARE "NECESSARY"

Importer, Claiming Gloria Has Not Paid Him In Full, Asks Writ To Seize Costly Furnishings—Lawyer Opposes Writ On Ground Star Needs Them All

By
JANET BURDEN



Miehle

"Glorious Gloria," above, needs costly surroundings, says lawyer. Right, she watches husband, Michael Farmer, make movie debut in her new film

HOW much furniture does a movie star need? That delicate question has arisen in a court suit against Gloria Swanson by William J. Saylor, Ltd., New York importer, to attach the furnishings of the Beverly Hills home of the actress for alleged failure to pay \$6,000 he claims is still due him.

Somehow or other, the impression arose that Gloria might be able to spare \$6,000 worth of furniture without greatly missing it. The question arose whether or not such rooms as "a powder room" and a "bar" are

necessary adjuncts to the home of a screen star, and whether or not a pair of antique swans and an XVIIIth Century lamp base are "necessities" for a film career.

Gloria's house furnishings cost \$44,000, which, according to Lois Wilson, Gloria's closest friend, is not excessive for a screen star. "Her home isn't furnished in luxurious style," says Lois. "Just in good taste. Many other film homes are more expensively equipped."

It is said that Gloria felt that she has been overcharged for some articles, and held up the final payments, hoping for some adjustments. According to common law,

tique red velvet arm-chair. But it does not—so the importer claims—include taffeta curtains for a bar room, a Pompeiian coffee table, two Napoleon plates, and a XVIIth Century map of Paris.

"This formal and ornamental furniture is as necessary to a motion picture actress's business as a horse and wagon are necessary to a farmer," was the tenor of her lawyer's objection to the writ of attachment.

Without floor-length taffeta curtains, imported tile fixtures and a pair of genuine Angelica Kauffman paintings, perhaps Gloria Swanson would not be able to give the screen any more of her gorgeous and sumptuous characteriza-

tions. So it is fortunate for Hollywood and the world that at the last moment her attorney posted a bond for \$7,000, thus leaving all her charming "necessities" intact until Gloria returns from England, where she is now making a picture called "Perfect Understanding."

Gloria has always lived in a grand manner. When she was just beginning her career, she used to drive a huge canary-colored car about town. Later, when she moved, it took one entire truck to transport her wardrobe. At another time, so the story goes, when she wanted a beach for her swimming pool and trucks were unavailable, she hired a fleet of taxicabs to transport the sand! What will be the outcome of all this?



International

every human being is entitled to "a bed, a washstand and a chair." In Gloria's case, this might apply to her bed, which cost one thousand dollars, a green decorated console that is the nearest thing to a washstand, and an an-



Lois Wilson, Gloria's closest friend, says her \$44,000 furnishings are not luxurious

CLAUDETTE COLBERT TAKES BATH IN MILK FOR DE MILLE PICTURE

Playing Roman Empress In "Sign Of The Cross," She Is First Star To Have Such An Experience—Longest Bath On Record, But Claudette Enjoys It



By DOROTHY DONNELL



CECIL B. DE MILLE, who has glorified American plumbing on the screen for so many years, has just created the most gorgeous bath of movie history. In "The Sign of the Cross," Claudette Colbert, as the sensuous Empress Poppaea, disports herself in a black marble Roman bath filled to the brim—with milk!

Though the public will catch only a few tantalizing glimpses of a lady of Nero's court preserving her beauty in this fashion, employees of the studio watched Claudette take the longest bath on record. For eight hours she was immersed in the white, foaming liquid while cameras clicked



Claudette Colbert says Roman ladies were right about milk baths being aids to beauty. Center, she rehearses the bath scene, with water in the pool, but at the top, she bathes in a thousand gallons of real, honest-to-goodness milk

and batteries of Klieg lights blazed down upon her. By the time the bath was ended, the story goes, the milk was buttermilk.

Other white liquids were experimented with, and discarded. Nothing would photograph like milk except milk. Then, too, solu-

tions of lime or chalk might have had a bad effect on Claudette. One thousand gallons of milk were poured into the huge Roman bath—at a cost of

\$200, even though the price per quart was five cents, due to a local milk war.

It is said that Mr. De Mille, with his passion for accuracy, asked for asses' milk, which was used by the real Poppaea and other charmers of antiquity. But it hardly seems likely that audiences will notice the difference. At first it was decided that no publicity should be given out on this milk bath, for fear that such a scene might be considered wasteful in this time of Depression. However, "The Sign of the Cross" has given work—and food—to nearly five thousand movie people.

Claudette—the first movie beauty known to have taken a milk bath—says that the ladies of ancient Rome were not mistaken in their faith in milk baths as beautifying. It leaves the skin soft and velvety, and she plans to use milk on her face, neck and arms often hereafter—though not by the tubful!

Although De Mille has gained a reputation for his bath scenes, this is only the eighth such scene he has filmed in his fifteen years of picture-making. But he has popularized bathing scenes. Bathroom sequences are the rage in every studio these days. Men and women stars are being shown at their ablutions, clothed only in soap suds and camera angles.



Acme
Above, Buster, dressed as an Admiral, about to board his new "yacht." It is a Pullman car on rubber tires, with all the comforts of home. Below, the interior



Acme

Natalie Talmadge (above) sold the former Keaton water yacht—so now he has to do his cruising on land



KEATON BUYS "LAND YACHT" As BIG JOKE

Comedian Acquires \$52,000 Bus After Ex-Wife, Natalie Talmadge, Sells Boat—Says He'll Sail Over High Hills, Not High Seas

By DORIS JANEWAY

BUSTER KEATON is the new, proud and hilarious owner of a "land yacht." If you never heard of a "land yacht" before you will hear plenty of this one before Buster is through pulling real-life gags with it.

In the first place, even its purchase was a gag. Buster has a strong sense of the ridiculous, and it struck him as highly ridiculous that he should acquire a "land yacht" right after his recently divorced wife, Natalie Talmadge, had sold the Keaton water yacht. Buster swore that if he couldn't have a yacht on the water, he would have one on the earth.

Buster's extraordinary traveling device is practically a Pullman car on rubber tires. The coach is ten feet wide and thirty-eight feet long. It

carries twelve day-passengers, and seven can sleep aboard. The front "compartment" contains the driver's seat and an electric refrigerator. Compartment No. 2 contains the "kitchen," the electric plant and a shower. Adjoining is a butler's pantry. The rest of the "yacht" is made up of the regular train-type of Pullman seats, which can be converted into "berths" for sleeping. In the rear is the "club room," appointed with electric fans, electric reading lamps, bridge tables and comfortable lounging chairs. The "yacht" weighs twelve tons and cost Buster fifty-two thousand dollars.

As though the vehicle itself weren't enough of a gag, Buster is using it as a background for comedy stunts off the screen. Just recently, for instance

he and Lew Cody, his old pal, drove the "yacht" up to the Fiesta at Santa Barbara. Clad in the full-dress regalia of an Admiral and a General, respectively, Buster and Lew alighted from the extraordinary motor, and, with medals and swords jangling, marched into the Santa Barbara Biltmore Hotel. What's more, they played it absolutely "straight." Not a smile from the frozen-faced comedian to reveal that he was pulling one of his gags.

It has been rumored that this was a dress rehearsal for a personal appearance tour Buster is planning in his "yacht." And, also, it is rumored that Buster is trying to kid Natalie into marrying him again. Buster's jokes didn't prevent the divorce, but he may be hoping that a sense of humor will patch up things again!

By MADGE TENNANT

On Visit To West Coast, Fay Webb Reveals That She Wanted Her Freedom In Haste, But Is Now Repenting At Leisure — Says, "It Was Just A Childish Row"



Acme

RUDY VALLEE'S WIFE CHANGES HER MIND ABOUT THAT DIVORCE

SAID Will Rogers, "Guess Fay and Rudy decided to make up till after the Depression is over." A New York newspaper headlined, "Rudy Croons Over 'Phone; Divorce Off." Said Fay Webb Vallee, actress-wife of the famous crooner, "There isn't much to tell. We just had a—a sudden difference of temperament, and now we see how foolish we were and we're happy again, and the only thing I brought back from Reno is a cold in the head!"

"But are you sure it's all fixed up this time?" she was asked.

Fay, who accentuates an almost foreign brunette coloring by a dead-white make-up, was emphatic. "Oh, yes! We're back together again forever. I was just a little fool. Rudy never wanted a divorce at all, but he was a perfect dear and told me to get one if I thought best. He always lets me do what I want."

"That was how we happened to buy that twenty-five room Beverly Hills house. We were just out for a drive and happened to see it, and I fell in love with it. I said, 'Oh, let's buy it!' and Rudy said, 'All right'—so we took it then and there. And we didn't need a California home at all! As long as Rudy has his radio work, we'll have to live in New York. But we

Above, the \$100,000 Beverly Hills home that the Vallees bought last year on an impulse



Keystone

both keep hoping and planning to come out West to stay some day—move from an apartment into a big house.

"But I think we love our Maine lodge best of all. We had just come from up there when we had our—our difference of temperament. It was all so silly! How could I ever have dreamed of a divorce? Of course, the newspapers played it all up too much, about my crying over my lost overnight bag, and everything. I made up my mind to start for Reno so suddenly, and there was so much luggage—but I missed the overnight bag as soon as I got to the station. I prized it because it was a gift from Rudy."

"Reno? I hardly saw the place. As soon as I got there, my lawyer met me. He had been trying to fix things between us, and—well, that evening we talked with each other long-distance. We talked a long while, and decided we were making a mistake. And that's all there is to it. Now that I'm here I shall make a little visit with my family, but I'll be going back to Rudy in a few weeks. I'm so happy!"

Fay Webb and Rudy Vallee were secretly married in July, 1931, in West Orange, New Jersey. They first met in Hollywood.

Fay and Rudy decided they were "making a mistake" in getting a divorce



MARRIED? BETTE DAVIS AND JOAN BLONDELL WON'T SAY YES OR NO!

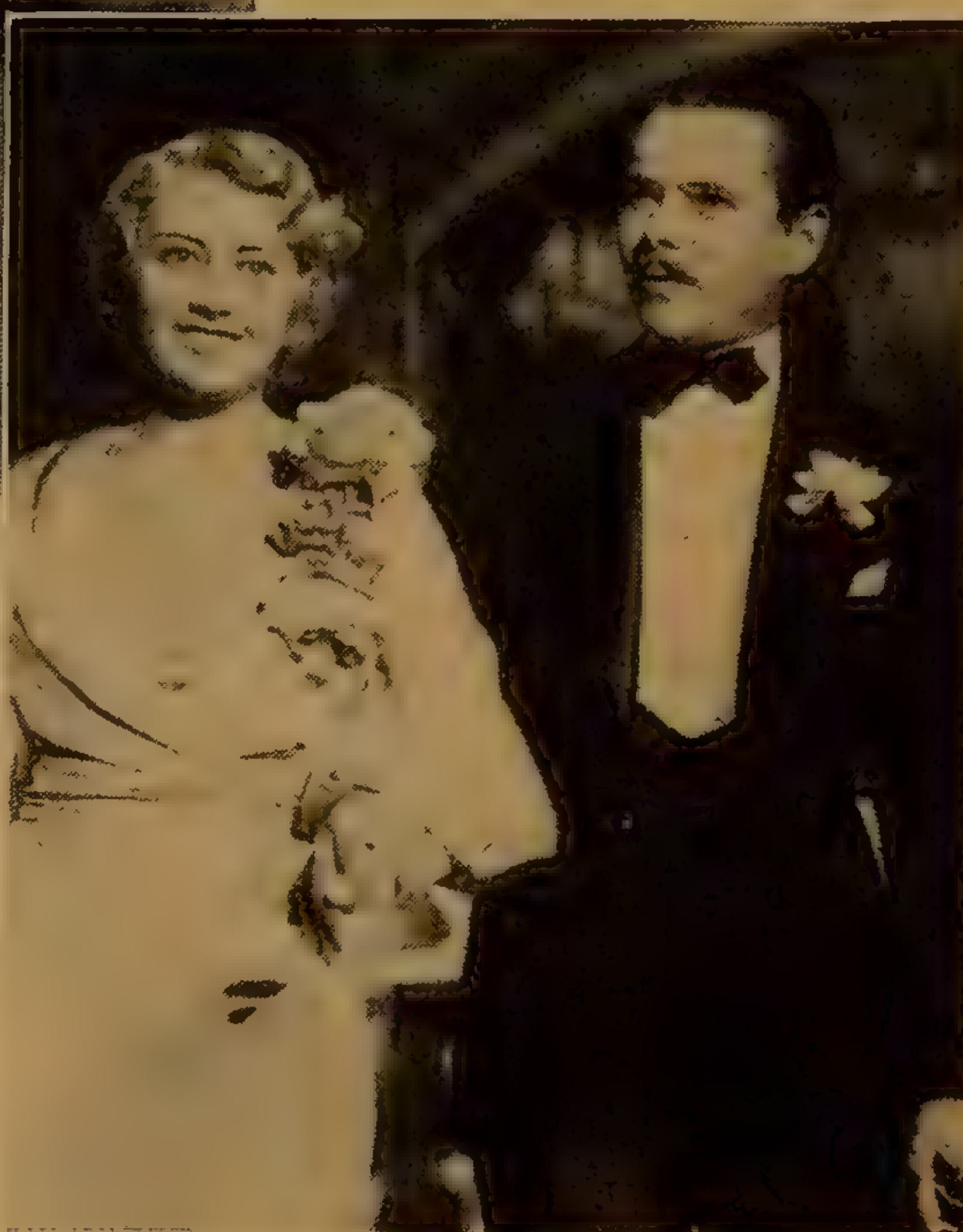
Joan Was Reported Wed To George Barnes, But Won't Confirm Or Deny Report—Bette Is Suspected Of Being Bashful Bride Of Harmon O. Nelson, Jr.

Friends of Bette Davis (above) suggest that the pretty blonde who recently eloped with her schoolgirl sweetheart was someone named Betty Davis!

By JOAN STANDISH

JOAN BLONDELL started it when she returned from a vacation trip in Oregon and refused to confirm or deny newspaper stories that she and George Barnes, cameraman, were married. "I won't say yes, and I won't say no," smiled Joan—and though reporters begged, and publicity men entreated, that was her final answer to the reports that she and George had been honeymooning. Though the Oregon people swore that a marriage license was issued to the couple and that they were united in holy wedlock by an Oregon justice of the peace, reporters couldn't get a word of the details from Joan and George, themselves—not, it was hinted, until George's divorce was final in California.

And now Hollywood hears rumors that Bette Davis is another "bride" who isn't in the frame of mind to come out and admit that she is the "Betty Davis" who recently eloped with a young man named Harmon O. Nelson, Jr. If she and her "newspaper-reported" husband are living quietly in a beach house down below Malibu, that's something for the newspaper boys to discover all by themselves.



Wide World

"I won't say yes—and I won't say no." With these words Joan Blondell threw reporters into confusion when they asked if she was wed to George Barnes (with her, above)

But once upon a time, a little blonde Davis girl, who was to grow up and look like Constance Bennett, and a handsome young boy named Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., were school sweethearts in a small town in Massachusetts. They were semi-officially engaged—though they hadn't planned anything like an elopement; they were too ambitious for that. The girl wanted to go on the stage, and the boy had ambitions to become a well-known dance orchestra leader.

She went to New York, succeeded in getting on the stage and eventually traveled out to Hollywood and fame; the engagement lapsed. But not so long ago, she went East on a personal appearance tour, and whom should she meet but a certain Mr. Nelson, who had scored quite a success of his own as a dance band leader in Eastern

resorts. A long story that had begun practically in childhood, and never forgotten by either, was renewed and continued when Mr. Nelson temporarily forsook his band activities and went out to Hollywood.

Bette Davis, the movie actress, had gone on record as saying that she would never marry until she was finished with her career. But it was none other than a blonde Constance Bennett-like Bette Davis who, only recently, suddenly appeared at the marriage license bureau in Yuma, Arizona, with a delighted and grinning young man at her side. In view of her publicized view about matrimony, the lady was surprisingly cool and collected. The Justice remarked about it.

"You are a very cool young lady to be embarking on your first matrimonial experience," he said.

"Nothing new to me," fibbed the pert and lovely blonde. "This is my third attempt."

The newspapers carried the story of the elopement the next day. But if you are to believe the friends of Hollywood's latest Yes-And-No Bride, maybe the Yuma girl was Bette Davis and maybe it wasn't. Maybe, they coyly suggest, the name was *Betty* Davis, instead.

But perhaps the champion Yes-and-No Bride of them all is—or maybe I should say *was*—Lina Basquette. A few months ago, she was seen everywhere with Teddy Hayes, former Dempsey trainer—and they were rumored engaged. Lina denied it. Then a reporter claimed that Lina and Teddy had been married in Newark, New Jersey, on October 31, 1931. Lina said "It must have been two other people." Meanwhile, she said she and Teddy would wed soon. Some time later, newspapers reported Lina had been divorced from Hayes—whom she *had* married last October!



CAROLE LOMBARD

The girl that Bill Powell talks about on page 15 is, to all appearances, either praying that no more illness will interrupt her career or praying that nothing will happen to her marriage if she manages to stay well. In any case, she looks surprisingly innocent for a girl who's supposed to be oh, so sophisticated! Perhaps we're looking in on a dress rehearsal of Carole as she'll appear in "Virtue"—her first picture in months

Acme



Fryer

Kay, who does insist on being different, has invented a new kind of shoulder strap—it defies the law of gravity, and occupies the same position as that rainbow that's 'round her shoulders. Also, it kept her from shrugging away a chance to play in "A Very Private Scandal." She postponed her honeymoon again to take the offer. Now she's Ronald Colman's wife in "I Have Been Faithful"

KAY FRANCIS



Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG

You have to get up early in the morning to bake a better pumpkin pie than Loretta. She's getting in practice for Thanksgiving—but modestly wonders if this little melting mouthful will turn out right without a prayer or two. Incidentally, the flowing gown and the bare feet are indications that Loretta is also practising for the rôle of The Nun in "The Miracle," the famous Passion Play



LIONIZING SOME BABES FROM THE JUNGLE



Some relatives of Leo, the lion, have arrived in Hollywood—and is Hollywood taking them to its arms? Up at the top, John Barrymore points out to Myrna Loy how to lull a tough baby—any variety—to sleep. Above, Johnny Weissmuller, who played only with full-grown growlers in "Tarzan," gives a trio of youngsters the well-known Weissmuller jungle hug. Left, you see four little wildcats—counting Lupe Velez, who holds her playmates with the same technique as Johnny. Does that prove she has had her eyes on Johnny?



JUST A TEENY HALLOWE'ENY

The frost may be on the pumpkin, but it doesn't seem to bother Nancy Carroll a bit. She's out on the back fence, courting a chill and hoping to intercept a black cat that may be a witch in disguise. Secretly, of course, what she's waiting for is the time to go to that Hallowe'en masquerade in her best bib-and-tucker—and give the other girls a chill. She's likely to do that in "Hot Saturday," too!



SPENCER TRACY

When Jimmy Cagney walked out, Lee Tracy got one of his rôles ("Blessed Event") and Spencer Tracy—no relation to Lee—got another. Its title is a knock-out: "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," and it is based on the autobiography of the same name by Warden Lawes, who believes that prisons should do more to build men than to punish them. Do convicts deserve a square deal? That's something you will have to figure out after you see Spencer behind the bars, making a convict so human that he might be someone you know, yourself!

Welbourne

Little Caesar Tosses Some Verbal Bombs



It isn't often that a character actor becomes a star, as Edward G. Robinson has. And even less often do you meet a star who isn't afraid to speak out, as he does in this interview. Read what he says and you will have a brand-new mental picture of the real Robinson—who is always somebody else on the screen!

By GLADYS HALL

EDWARD G. ROBINSON said to me, "I was born in Roumania and—you can have it!"

From there we went on to other hates. It was tonic to talk to an actor who does not smile a stock smile of beautiful dimples and cupid curves and declare that all is well with this best of all possible worlds. It was more than tonic to talk with a man who dares to bare his ideals without being flippant; a man who dares to laugh at blind patriotism and national boundaries and sectarian religions and the precepts we are taught as children; an actor who demands the right to be frank.

"I'll never be homesick for Roumania," he said, "because there is no chance there for a man to amount to anything without royal favor. Even assuming that you are the best lawyer or the best actor or the best plumber in Roumania—what of it? What does it matter? I lived there for ten years of my childhood and I remember it as a place where I was shut in, where I could not find space to move and breathe and grow.

"I hate the whole hysteria of patriotism, so-called—the hysteria of flags flying and martial music and cheers and war cries. I have hated them ever since I saw flags waving, and heard cheers and cries and music, while half of the world's young lay dead because of stupid men 'protecting' little lines drawn on maps. Humanity is the only thing that matters—men, women, children, whether they are born in Siam or South Dakota, what-

ever their god, their color or their occupations may be.

"I hate religious creeds and the sureness of each one that their God is the only God. I hate labels and tags for anything. As if one can tag and label so fundamental a thing as the God of a man!

Wanted to Remake the World

WHEN I was a raw and flaming youth, I formed a society composed of a Jew, a Catholic, a Protestant and a Socialist. We were determined, we four, to change the world, to smash all the old isms and limitations, to make all men brothers, to bring about the millenium when there would be no more war and no further misunderstanding among mankind. I hate the thought that, when Youth goes, these flaming ideals go, too. It is only the Youth of the world who can bring such things as these to pass.

"I was a Socialist for a time. I believed, not in the equality of man—even then I hated the flatness and dreariness and stupidity of that idea—but in a more just and even distribution of wealth. I still believe in that, and I still believe that eventually some such state of affairs will come to pass.

"I hate the horrible contrasts one is faced with daily—one man riding in upholstered luxury; another man, half a mile away, breaking his heart because he can't

(Continued on page 80)

The Headline History of CHAPLIN

1918—1932

By MURIEL BABCOCK

Below, Chaplin in the make-up that made him famous—a subject for headlines



CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN, the diminutive English comic, is supposed to be one of the geniuses of the present-day world. Practically everybody admits that he has no peer as a funny man of

personal life, who has had so many mix-ups—marital, financial, social. Charlie not only has a positive genius for having trouble in love affairs and in money matters, but lately, touring around Europe, he has shown a talent for becoming involved in controversies of a more international scope.

When Charlie went abroad, he said he wanted a rest and hoped to find relaxation in new faces and new places. Did he succeed? Well, England, his homeland, resented his refusal to appear at a "command" performance of the King; France gave him the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and then turned loose a flood of adverse editorial comment; Germany listened to his comments on their country, heard the refusal of the former Crown Prince to tea with him, and laughed; Czecho-Slovaks were



Left, Chaplin and the Prince of Wales sit side by side at an ice carnival in London, November, 1931

Acme

pantomime. But if Charlie has a genius for making people laugh, he also has a great talent for getting into the headlines.

There is probably no other movie star who has gone through so much anguish in his

annoyed because he didn't visit their country, and—well, goodness knows how many beautiful maidens were peeved because he wouldn't bring them back to America and star them in pictures.

Just glance over his career of trouble, as told in the headlines of the dailies since he



September, 1931—Chaplin meets leader. Gandhi had never heard of when told that Chaplin had



Richee

Sari Maritza (above) shared headlines with Chaplin in February, 1931, by being his newest "discovery" and by tangoing with him in London. She denies romance



Above, the very newest portrait of Lita Grey Chaplin, the comedian's ex-wife and mother of his two sons. She recently signed a film contract for them, which Chaplin opposed



Stax

Paulette Goddard (above) is the newest heart interest in Chaplin's life—and columnists are predicting marriage headlines. They are seen together constantly

began getting famous in 1918:

August 19, 1918—Mildred Harris, screen actress, admits engagement to Charlie Chaplin, screen comedian. Says she will retire when wed; Chaplin also planning retirement at end of present contract.

November 9, 1918—Chaplin marries Mildred Harris.

July 9, 1919—Baby son born to the Chaplins yesterday, dies; sorrow enthrones household. Baby born with one of vital organs missing; death inevitable.

March 21, 1920—Mildred Harris Chaplin says she has not seen husband



Above, Chaplin's two sons—Sydney (left) and Charles, Jr.—arrive from abroad to enter films with mother. But Dad objects



Acme

Above, Charlie in a serious rôle—appearing in court to fight his sons' entry into films. He testified screen work would tax their strength and might impair their futures

ing him." Rumored she will resume career.

April 8, 1920—Charlie Chaplin and producer engage in fist fight in Los Angeles Alexandria Hotel lobby while Mildred Harris Chaplin, in San Diego, is dancing with the Prince of Wales. Chaplin outclassed in size; Jack Pickford takes him home. Quarrel said to have arisen from producer's efforts to reconcile comedian and wife.

August 3, 1920—Mildred Harris Chaplin sues for divorce on grounds of extreme mental cruelty and bodily injury. Says comedian refused to pay their bills, treated her guests disrespectfully, stayed out nights.

November 3, 1920—Mildred Harris Chaplin granted divorce and \$200,000 alimony from comedian.

March 29, 1921—Charlie Chaplin bringing mother, Mrs. Hannah Chaplin, to live with him in this country.

(Continued on page 56)



Mahatma Gandhi, great Hindu him, but was eager to see him made millions laugh

in months. Says she does not want divorce—only Charlie. "I still love Charlie, and his conscience must be hurt-

GEORGE RAFT Won't Look At Girls Who Don't Wear Make - Up

The newest sheik of the screen — and how the Hollywood girls are rushing him!—likes to have the fair ones use their vanity cases. He'd rather see them pale with powder, than dusky with sun-tan. That's because he's a true son of Broadway — and maybe you think he isn't homesick in Hollywood!

THE girls in Hollywood have proved almost universally disappointing to George Raft, whose sensational rise as a romantic menace has those same girls all in a dither.

"Women don't look nice in bathing suits and all covered with olive oil and sand," he complains. "They don't look nice playing tennis in shorts—perspiring and with bandanas tied around their heads and with their hair out of curl. And no make-up!"

One gathers, from his shocked expression, that a girl without make-up looks more disconcertingly undressed to George than any lady in a night-club chorus, attired in powder, paint and one spangle. The sunburn which our picture beauties suffer so much to acquire, he regards as a distinct feminine liability. He likes pale ladies, in svelte, dark, smart attire, having tea at the Ritz, adorned, perhaps, with one exquisite orchid.

George sometimes wonders if he belongs in Hollywood. He is almost as alien and lonely a figure as the cannibal gentlemen that director W. S. Van Dyke brought back from Africa after "Trader Horn"—and nearly as forlorn. When he first arrived, he used to view everyone with suspicion. He used to start slightly if anyone spoke to him suddenly and he used to give almost the effect of peering around corners, as if expecting an ambush of some sort.

(Continued on page 76)

HOMESICK—THAT'S ALL

You haven't heard yet that George has lost his heart to any Hollywood charmer. So far, he hasn't met one who was pale enough.

George considers the Hollywood sun-tan a distinct feminine liability, and he doesn't like to see girls in beach pajamas.

Give George the Broadway type of girl—who knows her make-up, and never neglects to dress smartly!

In fact, you could give George all of Broadway—and he wouldn't object.

He's homesick for the girls, the Broadway boys, the noisy pavements, the bright lights, the traffic jams, the night-clubs, dinner at seven in the morning, breakfast at seven in the evening.

He's an exile in Hollywood!

By
**HELEN
LOUISE
WALKER**





CONSTANCE BENNETT

Connie has a new haircomb, new, luxurious gowns (Paris please copy!) and a brand-new sadness—all for "Rock-a-Bye," in which she hopes to give your heart a tug or two. Becoming semi-tragic, she plays a glamorous actress whose life seems rich and full, but is secretly empty—because she has not known motherhood. With Connie's own longing for a child no secret, women the world over will be curious to see her as The Girl Who Sometimes May Be Connie, Herself!



C. S. Bull

Clark has lost the mustache he cultivated for "Strange Interlude"—and he feels sort of undressed without it. Every time a photographer comes his way, he leaps for a cigarette—just to steel his nerves. He liked that mustache; it was a good disguise. But the public demanded a Gable with a shaven, as well as a stiff upper lip—and it's thus that you will see him in "Red Dust"

CLARK GABLE



**TALLULAH BANKHEAD
AND
ROBERT MONTGOMERY**

Here is an unex
have seen if stud
ing stars to rival
pictures. M-G-M
muss up Bob's ha
as if Bob is con

ONE'S DARK—

ONE'S FAIR—

BUT BOTH ARE THERE !

June Clyde, below, hasn't heretofore been known as a crêpe-hanger—so we're probably telling tales in revealing that June likes nothing better than to hang crêpe (preferably apricot-colored) on her lovely person. Perhaps that is the secret of this little blonde's poise in those ingénue rôles in "Back Street" and "The All-American"!



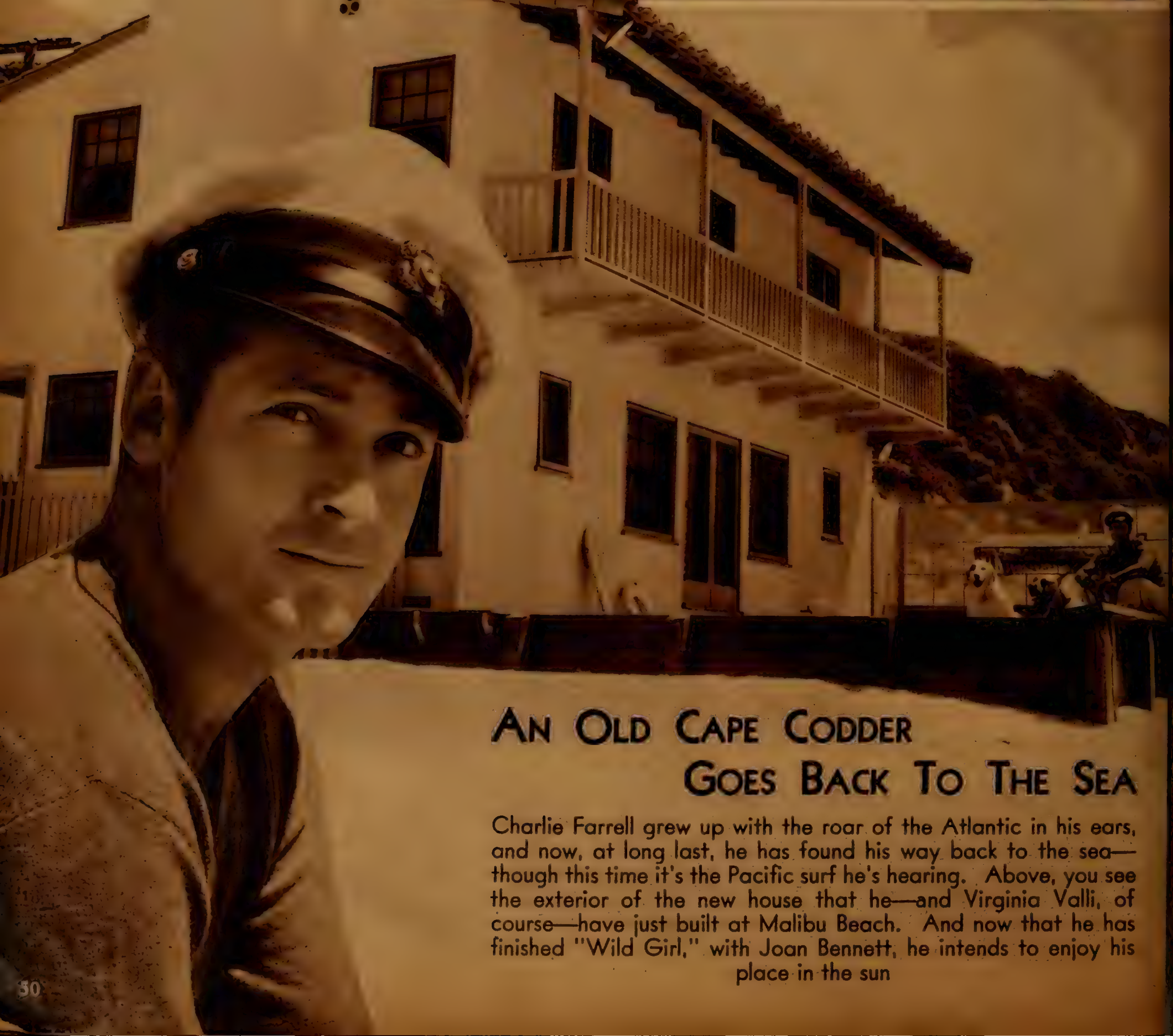
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ALINE MAC MAHON

Her first name sounds Irish, her last name sounds Scotch—and she's a mixture of both, with a little Russian for good measure. But that doesn't explain, entirely, why she is becoming the most famous picture-stealer in the business. She went in for pathos as the head nurse in "Life Begins," and then comedy as a tutor in "Once in a Lifetime"—and stole both. Here's a real actress!

The exterior of the new Farrell retreat looks Spanish — but inside you'll find that Charlie hasn't forgotten he came from New England. Colonial prints, curtains and benches make the living room seem like home to the boy from Cape Cod



AN OLD CAPE CODDER GOES BACK TO THE SEA

Charlie Farrell grew up with the roar of the Atlantic in his ears, and now, at long last, he has found his way back to the sea—though this time it's the Pacific surf he's hearing. Above, you see the exterior of the new house that he—and Virginia Valli, of course—have just built at Malibu Beach. And now that he has finished "Wild Girl," with Joan Bennett, he intends to enjoy his place in the sun

GEORGE BRENT'S Irish luck is just beginning!

After years of tough breaks, this young Irishman, who recently married Ruth Chatterton, at last is coming into his own and is on the verge of settling down, says Clifford W. Cheasley, the noted Numerologist. From George's name and birthdate, he also predicts an emotional disappointment for him—perhaps in 1935

By CLIFFORD W. CHEASLEY

APPLYING the rules of Numerology or the Science of Names and Numbers to the name of that rising young screen star, George Brent, reveals the why and wherefore of his character, his ability and his success.

Ever since he was a child, his ambition to develop his personality, to express his ideas and to do adventurous things without self-consciousness and shyness, must have been apparent to those who have known this chap who has just married Ruth Chatterton.

For George Brent has "3" for the symbol of his inner nature, his desire and individuality—and this is the sign of personality, and the reason why, as his experience in the theatre and on the screen increases, he will unconsciously acquire the trick of "getting across" to his audiences that it is George Brent, himself, who is talking and acting and not an individual acting a part.

From his Irish ancestry George inherited a keen imagination and a preference to believe in the fanciful, fairy-book side of life, in romance and adventure; and this background has made it necessary for him to go through some toughening experiences before he could meet life in a practical, matter-of-fact way and
(Continued on page 74)



General Forecast for November, 1932

In this year of 1932, which Numerology indicates as a period for balancing, adjusting and harmonizing of individual and collective thought, as well as conditions, September proved to be very important, both in the United States and abroad. The phases of world-wide economic settlement and rearrangement, which will have so much bearing upon more immediate prosperity, will go forward very successfully in November. In fact, the whole value of the month is to reflect, in the important events, a high example of settlement which will lead to improvement in general conditions of finance and industry everywhere.

There will be developments affecting political changes in this country and in Europe and agreements affecting international relations, which were all discussed and arranged behind closed doors during October, will be made public and the immediate effect will be a reaction toward success and satisfaction from public opinion. Regular, general business will benefit from this month, rather than promotion or the security markets.

Individually, November is the psychological time to settle obligations and to receive settlement from many others. Think prosperity, talk prosperity and act as prosperously as possible, and in all difficulties that arise, the keynote of action is GOOD JUDGMENT.

HOW TO GET A GENERAL NUMBERSCOPE OF YOUR OWN

For your general Numberscope, which will outline briefly your characteristics, health, wealth, love and work, send your full name (no initials) to Clifford W. Cheasley, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose 3¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.



Cheasley



JOHN BOLES gives some tips to young *Married Couples*

John has just made a big hit as the unhappy husband in "Back Street"—but that only proves he's a good actor. For he's just the opposite in real life. He married young, and had a struggle to get ahead—but he's still married to the same girl, and they're still happy. In this interview, he reveals some of the reasons why!

By TERRENCE COSTELLO

WHEN Ann Harding gave Harry Bannister his freedom because they thought their marriage was holding him back professionally, a great burst of controversy went up in Hollywood. Hundreds of married people began asking themselves if being married was, perhaps, the reason *they* were not advancing faster. Divorce petitions began to mount. And then, who do you suppose stepped up in defense of the beleaguered institution of Matrimony?

None other than John Boles—who has been scoring sensationally all over the country as the somewhat defective husband in "Back Street"!

When it is recalled that the tall Texan had a similar rôle, and a similar success, in "Seed," this may appear a little difficult to understand. But the truth is, when John is playing truant husbands on the screen, he is just doing his job—acting. All Hollywood knows that as a husband Mr. Boles should take the victor's stand and receive an Olympic award for distinguished service. So when he

begins to hold forth on the subject, this handsome young matrimonial veteran is well worth your attention!

"Marriage is no bed of roses," John says flatly, "and anyone who says that it is, simply is being absurd. It is one of the most difficult things in the world at which to succeed. And here again is borne out the axiom that it is only the difficult things to achieve that are worth having in the end.

Happy Couples Have to Fight

"I'VE been asked a number of times just what the recipe for the success of my marriage has been. In a kidding way I usually answer, 'Fight like hell—and hold on.' Actually, there is a whole lot of truth in that statement, facetious as it may seem. For I've found that it is usually the people who are the most fond of one another who disagree the most violently.

"That is because there is a bond between them—some
(Continued on page 64)

**AS YOU
DESIRE ME**



**to make skin soft, youthful
—firm yet yielding**

this much OLIVE OIL goes into every cake of Palmolive ➔

RIGHT now—touch your own skin with your finger tips. Is it soft, smooth, youthful? Is it firm yet yielding to your touch? Is it quite as you desire it?

Then think! How can you seem desirable to others?

Skin can be kept young indefinitely. But you must follow expert advice. Read the simple rule experts give you.

"Olive oil—the great beautifier." But how to use it? More than 20,000 beauty experts answer—in soap—in Palmolive—the one great soap the beauty ingredient of which is largely olive oil. Use it—they say—diligently, faithfully. Use it on face and neck—on the whole body. Rub the rich youth-giving lather right into the skin.

Your reward will be the skin of youth. Because Palmolive does soothe, smooth and soften skin. It does tone skin to youthful firmness. It will give your skin that charm—that something that makes you—keeps you desirable.



**THIS
EXACT
AMOUNT**

Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each 10c cake of Palmolive.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Which star do you *most*

“Beauty
is not a matter
of Birthdays”

*screen stars declare—and
these pictures prove it*

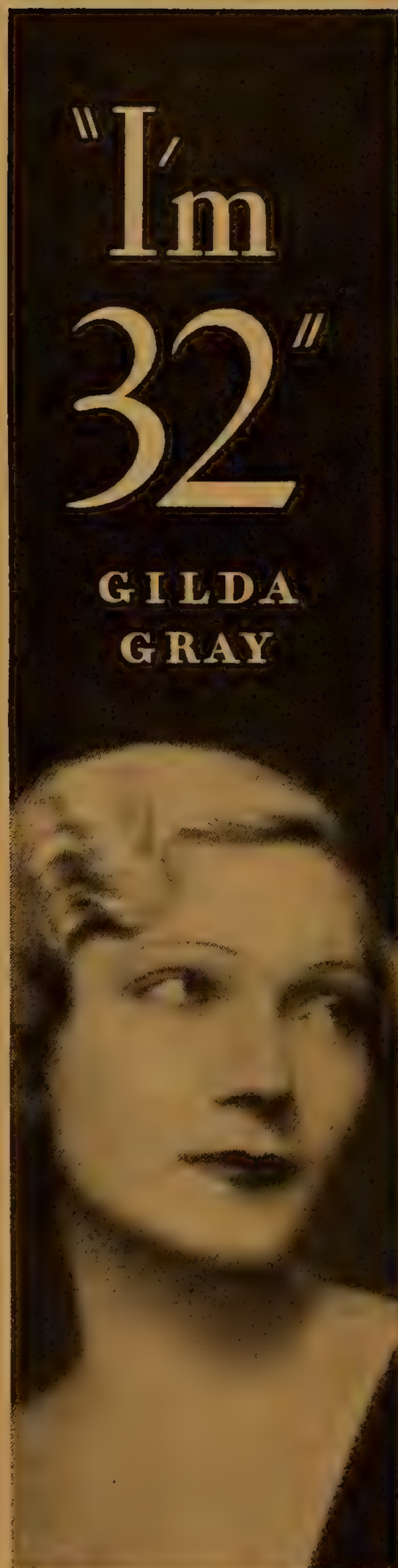
WHICH of these lovely stars do you think most beautiful? Your choice may be charming little Virginia Lee Corbin, who is only eighteen. But, too, it may be the fascinating Nazimova, who is over forty!

Surely, you will decide, beauty is not a matter of birthdays! These recent photographs prove the screen stars *keep* youthful charm. You want to *share* their secret!

“We stars *have* to stay youthful,” Hollywood stars explain. “So we’re very careful about our *complexions*. Almost all of us use Lux Toilet Soap, because it’s such a *sure* way of keeping your skin youthful!”

9 out of 10 screen stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant soap which is so beautifully *white*! It is *official* in all the great film studios.



“I’m
32”

GILDA
GRAY

“I’m
34”

BEVERLY
BAYNE

LUX

think
Beautiful?

"I'm
28"

MARIE
PREVOST



"I'm over
40"

ALLA
NAZIMOVA



"I'm
18"

VIRGINIA
LEE CORBIN



"I'm
22"

NOEL
FRANCIS



Toilet Soap

The Headline History Of Chaplin

(Continued from page 43)

September 2, 1921

—Comedian's earnings disclosed in court report. He receives \$125,000 for a two-reeler, and \$140,000 for three reels.

May 23, 1922—

Mother detained at Ellis Island to be examined, pending permission to stay in this country.

September 2, 1922

—Chaplin rumored to be in love with Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

November 25, 1922

—Chaplin rumored engaged to Pola Negri. Charlie, chaperoned by chauffeur, and Pola by woman companion, return from trip to Santa Barbara.

January 29, 1923

—Pola Negri, snuggling on shoulder of Charlie Chaplin, admits engagement to comedian. "Charlie and I are engaged," she tells reporters. "We have

been engaged for long time, but decide to say nozzing about it." Betrothal kiss given in front of reporters.

March 2, 1923—Negri-Chaplin engagement broken. Many fireworks.

March 21, 1924—New batch of rumors about Charlie, who denies them all, including stories that he will direct Mary Pickford in films, that he has broken with Edna Purviance (the star of "A Woman of Paris," which he directed last year), and that he is engaged to Estelle Taylor.

May 30, 1924—Sued for \$50 by Leo Loeb, on charge of plagiarism. Writer claims Chaplin used Loeb scenario, "The Rookie," for "Shoulder Arms."

November 24, 1924—Chaplin reported on way to Guaymas, Mexico, to wed Lita Grey, his schoolgirl leading lady in new film, "The Gold Rush." Vexed at disclosure of plans.

November 27, 1924—Chaplin amazes Mexicans. Populace cannot understand fishing trip a few hours after wedding.

November 28, 1924—Chaplin home, eluding reporters and curious at train. Goes into seclusion at Beverly Hills home. Bride only 16, birth record discloses. Gave age as 19 in Mexico. Bride to face inquiry about compulsory education. Someone else will take over her rôle in "The Gold Rush."

January 7, 1925—Mrs. Chaplin expecting baby.

January 31, 1925—Comedian denies divorce talk. Still living under same roof with wife.

June 29, 1925—Son born to Chaplins. Named Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr.

March 31, 1926—Second son born to Chaplins. Named Sydney Earl Chaplin, after comedian's brother.

September 8, 1926—Comedian wants to play Napoleon. Would like Estelle Taylor for Josephine.

September 26, 1926—Forty-thousand-dollar blaze at studio endangers comedian and leading lady, Merna Kennedy, at work on "The Circus."



Acme

In November, 1926, Lita Grey Chaplin, "schoolgirl wife" of Charlie Chaplin, sailed for Honolulu for a brief holiday—taking Charles, Jr., with her. The comedian was at the boat to see them off. Less than a month later, the couple parted. Things happen that suddenly in Chaplin's life!

November 10, 1926—Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, with Charles, Jr., in her arms, sails for brief holiday in Honolulu. Comedian at boat to see them off.

December 2, 1926—Lita Grey Chaplin leaves Chaplin's home and takes babies with her. Charges ill-treatment.

January 8, 1927—Chaplin files suit against women's magazine for life-story written by Jim Tully, former pal of comedian. Asks \$500,000 damages, and suppression of remainder of story.

January 11, 1927—Chaplin leaves for New York. All work on new comedy postponed. Gives out statement. Very sad. Loves babies, asks public to withhold judgment.

January 16, 1927—Comedian collapses under nervous strain in New York.

January 17, 1927—Chaplin injured in fall from bed. Nurse in attendance.

March 6, 1927—Still more grief for Chaplin. Government may take drastic action in income tax case. Federal investigators accumulate mass of data relating to income. \$2,500,000 tax liens held.

June 9, 1927—Lita Grey Chaplin files divorce complaint of forty-two pages. Charges mental cruelty in social and marital relations; asserts life was threatened; estimates Chaplin's fortune at \$16,000,000.

June 13, 1927—Chaplin files answer to wife's divorce complaint with cross-complaint, charging her with love affairs, extravagances, and denying charges in her complaint. Asks for decree and custody of two sons.

June 15, 1927—Chaplin visits Sing Sing prison in company with Ambassador Alexander P. Moore.

August 4, 1927—Chaplin attorneys fighting. Young and Young withdraw from divorce case. Scandal bomb nearly explodes when Young is about to name "a certain prominent motion picture actress," but Judge halts naming of "other woman" on excited objection of E. T. Murray, uncle

of Mrs. Chaplin.

August 22, 1927

—Mrs. Chaplin granted divorce. Chaplin pays almost \$1,000,000 for peace in his private life. Wife gets \$625,000, with \$200,000 for trust fund for sons. She is awarded custody of children. Divorce granted on grounds of mental cruelty.

October 15, 1927

—Film star and company of fifty forced to stop work on picture, "The Circus," because of disappearance of two circus wagons, which U. C. L. A. students had taken to campus for use in traditional college pajamarino bonfire.

November 15, 1927

—Plagiarism suit brought by Loeb won by Chaplin.

January 12, 1928

—Pays government \$1,670,638 for six years' tax lien.

June 6, 1928—

Chaplin subpoenaed to testify in case of Sheldon Clark, accused of hammer murder of Don Solovich, former Chaplin butler, on a lonely road in Utah. Clark says Solovich had planned suit for a million dollars against Chaplin.

July 21, 1928—Chaplin called to court again. Two accountants suing one another over payments due in investigation work in Chaplin divorce case.

August 24, 1928—Divorce of Lita Grey Chaplin becomes final. Rumor that she will wed Roy D'Arcy, screen actor.

August 30, 1928—Funeral to-day for Mrs. Hannah Chaplin, mother of Charles and Sydney. Cannot locate Sydney in France, where he is supposed to be working.

November 15, 1928—Chaplin defendant in new plagiarism suit. \$100,000 is sum asked by Antoinette Kopetsky, writer, who charges he appropriated her story for "The Circus."

February 26, 1929—Comedian seriously ill with ptomaine poisoning.

February 28, 1929—Wins award of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

April 18, 1929—Works hard on fortieth birthday on "City Lights," which will be Chaplin's challenge to the talkies. Rejects offer of James Cruze to appear in talking picture—talk, sing and dance for a million dollars.

May 31, 1929—Comedian confined to home because of lumbago brought on by playing tennis.

June 19, 1929—Wiseacres predict that romance between Chaplin and Georgia Hale, former leading lady (in "Gold Rush") will end in marriage.

March 9, 1930—John Gilbert denies rumors that he will make silent picture with Chaplin.

October, 1930—Chaplin turns down \$650,000 radio bid for 26 weekly broadcasts of fifteen minutes each. Will stay silent at any cost.

January 31, 1931—Police battle crowd

(Continued on page 58)



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'VE REMEMBERED EVERYTHING - INCLUDING A LAST CHECK UP WITH THE DENTIST AND ENOUGH COLGATE'S TO SEE ME THROUGH



The quarter saved on every tube of Colgate's means six francs to me in Paris

I'm willing to pay what I have to for the best—but not one cent more. So—since I like the taste of Colgate's—since it cleans my teeth—since my dentist says there just isn't anything better—and since it costs me only a quarter—I'm using Colgate's, instead of some fifty-cent toothpaste with a lot of fancy claims. Father says, the way to judge value is by what you get—not by what you are promised. That's been his rule all through his business life. And that, I suppose, is why he can afford to send me to Europe.

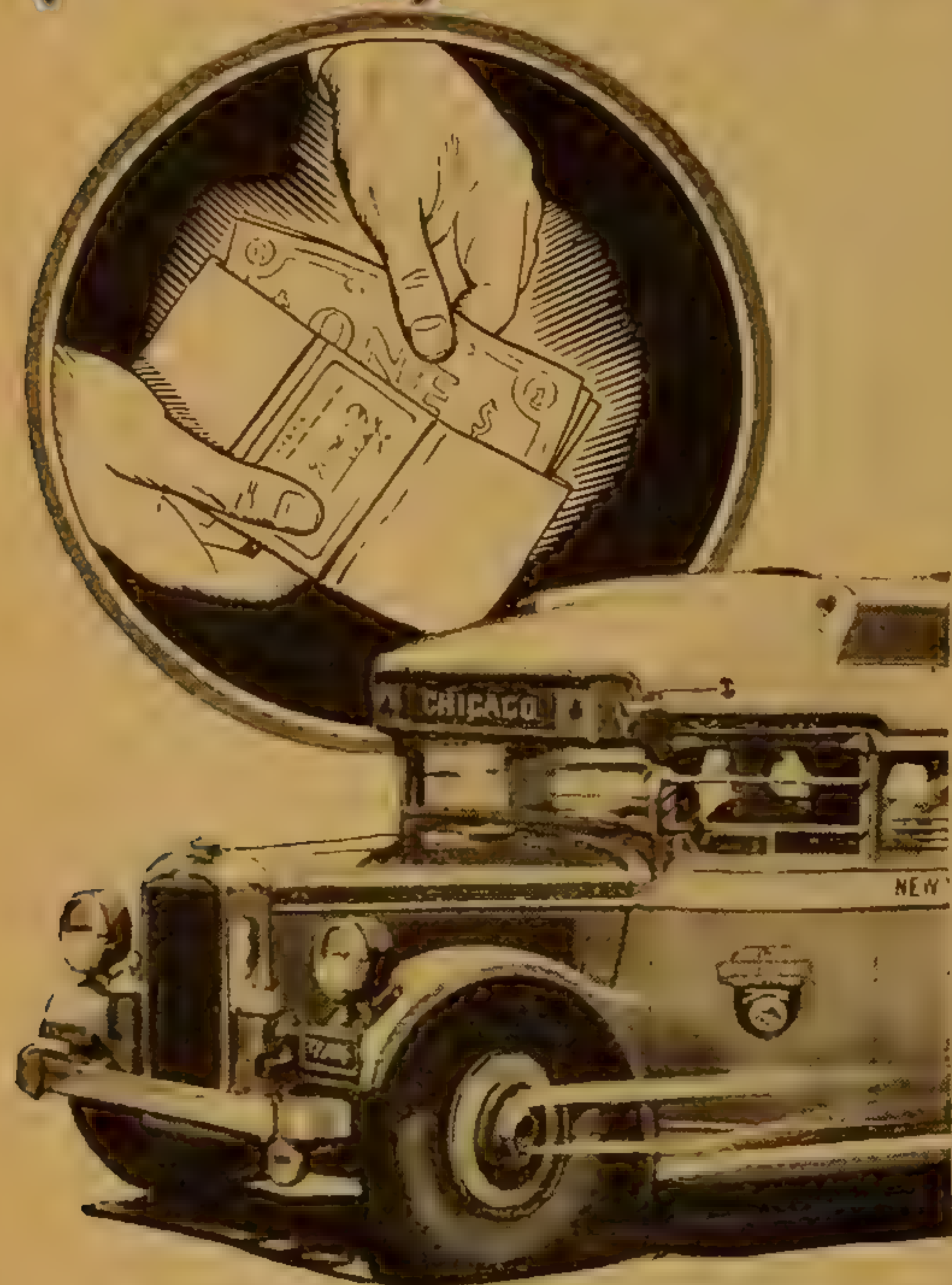
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The Headline History Of Chaplin

(Continued from page 56)

of 25,000 at opening of new Los Angeles theatre and Chaplin's latest picture, "City Lights," which was in production two years. Professor Albert Einstein, famed for relativity theory, attends show as Chaplin's guest; surprised when crowd surges toward him. Scores of women require medical attention after fainting in crowd. Dozen fights occur. Practically every star attends.

February 1, 1931—Chaplin plans triumphal tour of Europe as "king of comedy."

February 14, 1931—Sails from New York on S. S. *Mauretania* to visit England for first time in ten years. Guards use force to save him from admiring throngs. New York papers full of Chaplin since New York opening of "City Lights," when New Yorkers rioted as Californians had.

February 22, 1931—Is guest of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald at latter's country residence. Checkers, luncheon and stroll on program. Chaplin's first chance to rest since arrival in England. Mobs follow him everywhere.

February 24, 1931—Chaplin and George Bernard Shaw, famous playwright and wit, meet at luncheon given by Lady Nancy Astor.

February 28, 1931—Comedian appears at London opening of "City Lights." One of London's greatest crowds throngs streets near theatre, hoping to catch glimpse of him. Afterward Chaplin gives party for two hundred guests. Tangoes expertly with Sari Maritza, Viennese actress who is his latest "discovery." Romance rumored.

March 10, 1931—Comedian arrives in Berlin to find great crowd awaiting him. Marlene Dietrich, visiting home city, tries to meet him at station, but is prevented by density of crowd. Greets him later at hotel, presenting him with roses.

March 12, 1931—Chaplin invites former Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm to tea. His former royal highness does not accept. German Socialists snicker.

March 14, 1931—Charlie finds he hasn't time to visit Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, although President wants to receive him. Sensation caused in film world when influential group of English theatres refuses to book "City Lights," saying terms are too high.

March 16, 1931—Only one girl accompanies Chaplin to Berlin station when he departs for Vienna and Venice. Chaplin kisses her goodbye.

March 24, 1931—Chaplin goes to Normandy to hunt wild boars on estate of Duke of Westminster. Wears suit borrowed from Duke, too large for him. Wild boar charges upon him; but comedian is saved by good marksman in party.

March 27, 1931—Ribbon of the Legion of Honor given him by France. Chaplin says, "I am very much moved by this gesture of France, and it is a great inspiration to feel that I am the only foreign motion picture artist to hold the honor." A few Paris papers criticize government for awarding ribbon to a movie actor.

April 16, 1931—Chaplin arrives in Algiers, Africa, for "a month's rest away from crowds." Reported to be writing new scenario.

April 30, 1931—Chaplin arrives in Jerez, Spain, from Gibraltar. Greeted by Belmonte and other noted bullfighters.

May 5, 1931—In Nice, France, Chaplin denies he will wed Miss Mary Reeves, Czecho-Slovakian beauty with whom he is often seen. Says: "Don't you think I have trouble enough without trying marriage again? They say some Frenchman is accusing me of plagiarism in connection with 'City Lights.'"

May 8, 1931—London paper publishes purported interview with Chaplin, saying

comedian has declined to appear at "command" vaudeville performance.

May 10, 1931—Telegram from Chaplin, declining invitation to "command" performance, received by theatre manager, who says Chaplin action is "unprecedented."

May 11, 1931—London hears that Chaplin sent \$1,500 check in lieu of appearing on "command" program. Chaplin's explanation reported to be: "They say I have a duty to England, but I wonder. Nobody ever cared for me or wanted me in England seventeen years ago. I had to go to America for my chance." Rumors of possible knighting of Chaplin die suddenly.

May 28, 1931—London newspaper announces Chaplin has agreed to devise and direct a British talkie, written by him, called "London," and dealing with romance and mystery of the city.

July 12, 1931—Chaplin reported negotiating for purchase of Juan-les-Pins château of R. A. Hudnut, millionaire perfumer, with intention of remaining in France indefinitely.

July 31, 1931—Carlisle Robinson, Chaplin representative, returns to Hollywood; denies quarrel with Chaplin and says reports of Charlie's intentions to wed are "the bunk." Miss Reeves simply acting as Chaplin secretary and interpreter, he says.

August 6, 1931—Chaplin guest at château of Count de Brissac, near Poitiers.

September 23, 1931—Back in England, comedian asks to have interview with Mahatma Gandhi, the newest sensation in London. Gandhi asks, "Who is he?" and when told that Chaplin has made millions laugh arranges to meet him. They talk about machinery.

November 15, 1931—Chaplin tells crowd of 10,000 fishing folk at Plymouth, England, that he sympathizes with their arduous work. "Still," he says, "we all have our tribulations. Even millionaires have theirs, and we must abide by them."

November 18, 1931—Comedian sits beside Prince of Wales at ice carnival at Grosvenor House, Park Lane.

November 28, 1931—London newspaper says reason for Chaplin's long sojourn abroad is that he is writing a stage play about Napoleon, based on theory Emperor escaped from St. Helena. Will probably play leading rôle, himself.

November 30, 1931—Miss May Shepherd, film comedian's secretary and press-agent, sues Chaplin for £100, claiming back wages. Says work consisted of thinking up ways to get Chaplin's name in headlines and to make him keep his engagements. Cites numerous examples of broken appointments.

December 2, 1931—Chaplin appears in court and pays fine of £100 and costs to Miss Shepherd. Drops defense of suit because of names of prominent persons brought into it. Judge free in criticisms of Charlie's broken engagements.

December 23, 1931—London hears that Feodor Chaliapin, great Russian singer, will make first screen appearance in English film written for him by Chaplin.

January 12, 1932—Sari Maritza arrives to start work in Hollywood. Denies rumors she is engaged to Chaplin.

April 8, 1932—Plans to welcome Chaplin, who is on way to Orient with brother, Sydney, stir up heated rivalry among Japanese.

April 20, 1932—Chaplin arrives in Singapore, Straits Settlements, on tour of the Far East for "rest and holiday." Hurried to hospital on arrival, suffering from tropical fever.

April 25, 1932—Chaplin still ill. Continuation of journey to Japan postponed.

April 29, 1932—Chaplin will play rôle of deaf-and-dumb clown in next film, which

(Continued on page 67)

"If you don't want to Reduce don't bother reading this,"

SAYS SYLVIA . . . the world's foremost
authority on the care of the feminine figure

[Why you must have sugar to lose
weight faster, and more safely]

Out here in Hollywood, I've slapped, beaten, pounded . . . and dieted . . . many an overweight picture star into shape for the camera. And in New York, many a stage and social celebrity. I get \$100 a half hour for doing it.

Now these Life Savers folks have asked me to tell you about my slenderizing method, because Life Savers are part of that method. We'll get back to them later—I want to tell you, in proper order, the things you've got to do to get rid of those bulges, bumps and rubber tires. I don't believe in shilly-shallying. And I'm going to give you my advice straight from the shoulder. If you're a sensitive creature . . . that's just too bad.

FIRST: Exercise sanely. A two-mile (or more) walk a day in the open air.

SECOND: No fat, rich foods, gravies or sauces. And liquor? Don't let me catch you taking a drop!

THIRD: Here's where you get the surprise of your life. You'll think it's a misprint. But it isn't. Get this straight. Don't starve yourself on sugar!

Eat enough Sugar!

Fats are fuel; sugar is the flame. Sugar is the one food element that most quickly and most safely burns away the body fats. And you'll lose weight *faster* with the right sweet at the right time than you ever could without it.

Case after case of my own verifies these facts.

What is the right sweet? I give Life Savers to my clients. I don't let my stars suffer from the pangs of a normal sweets-hunger. I satisfy it . . . and help them reduce at the same time.

Why are Life Savers part of my slenderizing method? Because they are a *purposeful* candy for reducing. They give you quickly assimilated sugar energy without fat-producing bulk. They are hard, so you let them dissolve on your tongue. One Life Saver lasts 8 to 10 minutes. And gives you a lasting gratification of your normal hunger for sweets. You can slip one into your mouth whenever and wherever you like. And as often as your appetite calls for sugar.

Even the most finicky palate can find a flavor it likes, because there are many to choose from. Myself, I like Cryst-O-mints, the new mouth-cooling, crystal drops. But you may prefer Pep-O-mint . . . Wint-O-green . . . Cl-O-ve . . . Lic-O-rice . . . Cinn-O-mon . . . Vi-O-let . . . Or the real fruit-tasting fruit drops . . . Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape.



I like action . . . let's get started!

If you mean business . . . so do I. But I want to see evidence of your good faith. Show me you're in earnest about this weight-reducing and I'll make you a grand gift.

I have put down in a brief booklet, the information that I usually get hundreds of dollars for.

Show me that you are really getting busy on this reducing program. Buy at least two packages of genuine Life Savers right now. Mail me two of the wrappers and I'll send you this book which gives the net of my slenderizing instructions.

Mme Sylvia



IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON;

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Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

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HELEN TWELVETREES, RKO Radio Pictures' player



grinning!

Bawling out everyone . . . giving tickets left and right. Everyone in town said that cop was unfair . . . and then he found a way to end his indigestion.

Are you sometimes a bit irritable? It takes so little to make the difference between a smiling healthy person and one who is out of sorts. Beeman's Pepsin Gum is often a help in relieving digestive troubles. Dr. Beeman had a great idea when he originated this excellent gum. A real aid to digestion and a most delicious flavor. Chew Beeman's every day.

Chew
**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN
GUM**



Stars Invent a New Kind of Divorce

(Continued from page 23)

to a divorce, even in good old Hollywood!

Comes Back to Play Papa

BUT perhaps the champion unshakable husband of them all is Austin Parker, divorced gentleman friend of Miriam Hopkins. At least, he holds all long-distance records for courtship that extended through a year-and-a-half of separation, and now that they are actually divorced, it looks as though Mr. Parker would become something of an ex-adopted father to Miriam's little adopted boy.

Mr. Parker is a frequent caller at his ex-wife's home for the purpose of playing with the curly-headed little three-year-old whom Miriam acquired after their divorce. He has been known to arrive at the Hopkins home just in time to share a bowl of spinach with the young man, who might be his adopted son if it weren't for that little matter of the divorce. In this case it is a very small matter, for author Parker's interest in the child is as keen as though he were a present, rather than an ex-member of the household.

Though Mr. Parker has frequently been rumored engaged to various Hollywood ladies, his really big thrill seems to come from those rare dates when he takes his ex-wife's adopted son for a ride in his brand-new sports car. Miriam laughingly remarked to a friend: "I believe Austin can hardly wait until the baby is old enough to go to football games and prize-fights with him. I think he has already bought baseball bats to give him five or six years from now!" Which should go to prove that Miriam, who is different anyway, has invented a very different kind of divorce—with the willing assistance of Mr. Austin Parker!

Ruth and Ralph Still Partners

THOUGH Ruth Chatterton is very thoroughly divorced from Ralph Forbes and very much married to George Brent, she has announced that she and "Rafe" (Ruth's pronunciation of Ralph's name) will continue as partners in business. Just before the fateful break-up, Ruth and Ralph bought a stage play, "Let Us Divorce," in partnership. It was not a great success, but that didn't discourage Ruth and her former husband from believing it might be "doctored" into a long and successful run on Broadway.

If the show does open, and their hopes for it come true, there may be many other productions offered by "Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes," even though Ruth is privately wearing the name of Mrs. George Brent.

"There is no reason in the world why Rafe and I shouldn't continue as business partners," said Ruth. "We are parting as the best of friends and I do trust his judgment about plays and productions." In fact, no one would be surprised, at the end of her motion picture career, if Ruthie became a lady producer of Broadway stage shows. With her expressed confidence in Ralph's dramatic judgment, what could be a better arrangement than her former husband as stage director? For they've invented a new kind of divorce—the "still partners" divorce!

John Is Colleen's Best-Wisher

EVEN another marriage to some other gentleman has not always completely removed a former husband from the scene. Colleen Moore is very happily married to Albert Scott, New York broker, but one of the first and most glowing messages of congratulation she received on her fine stage

performance in "The Church Mouse" was from her former hubby, director John McCormick. Many think he is still in love with Colleen.

When you have lived with one man for ten long years, it is not the easiest thing in the world to put him completely out of your life. Colleen admits that for several months after their divorce they called one another to check up on mutual friends' telephone numbers and the name of their favorite insurance agent and other vital domestic statistics like that. Colleen and John were pioneers in the art of inaugurating the new kind of divorce—the kind in which an ex-husband is hard to lose.

Buster Keaton twice tried to kid Natalie Talmadge out of getting a divorce, and succeeded once. And now that they are parted, it looks as if Buster is still trying to kid her. Just before their final flare-up, Buster had bought a yacht and had given it to Natalie; it was the scene of their last quarrel. Now, Buster is going places in a "land yacht"—a big bus, especially made—dressed as an Admiral. Who knows? The idea might amuse Natalie so much that she'd like to have the amusing Buster around the house again! Anyway, Buster has invented a new kind of divorce—the divorce in which the ex-husband still can kid the ex-wife. And he's making it awfully, awfully hard for Natalie to forget him!

Eleanor Boardman and director King Vidor came to a parting of the ways last June, and Eleanor Boardman announced that a divorce action was imminent. But when it came right to it, Eleanor was in no hurry for her freedom. Nor was King, who is popularly supposed to be a great advocate of freedom. He had been divorced before (from Florence Vidor), so there would be no novelty about being divorced. And, besides, it looked as if King were one of the new kind of husbands—who aren't at all anxious to be dropped for good and all!

Estelle Saw Jack More

ESTELLE TAYLOR and Jack Dempsey went through a very stormy divorce. In fact, Estelle and Jack got pretty mad at one another. But that didn't seem to make any difference. In a few months, Jack was back in Hollywood, inviting Estelle to go automobile riding with him and to drop by his table for lunch when they both met in the *Brown Derby*.

"In fact," laughed the witty Estelle, "I saw Jack and heard a great deal more from him following our divorce than I did when we were actually married. For a while we saw each other so frequently we were rumored re-engaged! It wasn't true, of course—but don't let anybody tell you it isn't hard to lose a husband in Hollywood!" Especially with the new kind of divorce that Hollywood has invented.

However, it remained for Harry Bannister to pull the prize ex-husband comment of them all. It happened one Sunday afternoon when Harry was entertaining a group of pretty girls at his Malibu Beach cottage. His divorce from Ann Harding had been final for about three months. He was legally as free as the air. And yet when a photographer asked Harry to pose in a news picture with two or three of his pretty lady guests, Mr. Bannister remarked:

"I should not care to embarrass Miss Harding by posing in a picture with another woman!"

If that isn't carrying on the responsibilities of married life, even though divorced! But it's just a sample of the new kind of divorce that Hollywood has invented—in which ex-husband and ex-wife are almost closer than when they were married!

Even a very *young* skin may wrinkle from *Dryness*

Hollywood dermatologist advises even youngest screen stars to protect and preserve precious skin-freshness by use of Woodbury's Creams

Myrna Loy is only in her early twenties. But Hollywood's leading dermatologist, in recommending Woodbury's Creams, gave her this advice that every woman should heed:—

"A skin is only as young as it is moist, pliant, sapful. If it is allowed to dry, it becomes old, stiff, doomed to wrinkle, just as surely as though age were the cause. Many things contribute to skin-dryness . . . exposure to wind and sun, the dry air of heated houses, poor circulation, low-calorie diets. These are constantly robbing your skin of its natural moisture. Because of them, you must put back into your skin softening oils to keep it smooth and elastic. That you can do by the regular use of Woodbury's Creams.

"Woodbury's COLD Cream the skin will absorb eagerly 2 or 3 times a day. It 'quenches' the shrivelled cells, enriches and lubricates the skin, gives it *resilience to resist* wrinkles.

"Woodbury's FACIAL Cream (used as powder base) spreads a film over the skin to protect it from weathering, prevents the cells from drying out, keeps impurities from entering the pores."

. . . .

YOUR skin needs this same care which Hollywood dermatologists recommend for precious screen complexions.

WOODBURY'S SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO LOVELINESS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . Melts at skin temperature. Its fine oils soften and smooth the skin—50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . An exquisite finishing cream. Use it to protect the skin and as a powder base. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

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WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM . . . A luxurious emollient cream. Use it to prevent and correct lines and wrinkles and for excessively dry skin. 50¢ a jar.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER . . . Refreshing—stimulating—refines texture. For normal or dry skins. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER . . . Spreads evenly. Does not clog the pores. Comes in several carefully blended shades. Exquisitely perfumed. 50¢ and \$1 the box.



Myrna Loy

MYRNA LOY... PHOTOGRAPHED IN HOLLYWOOD ESPECIALLY FOR WOODBURY'S BY WILL CONNELL

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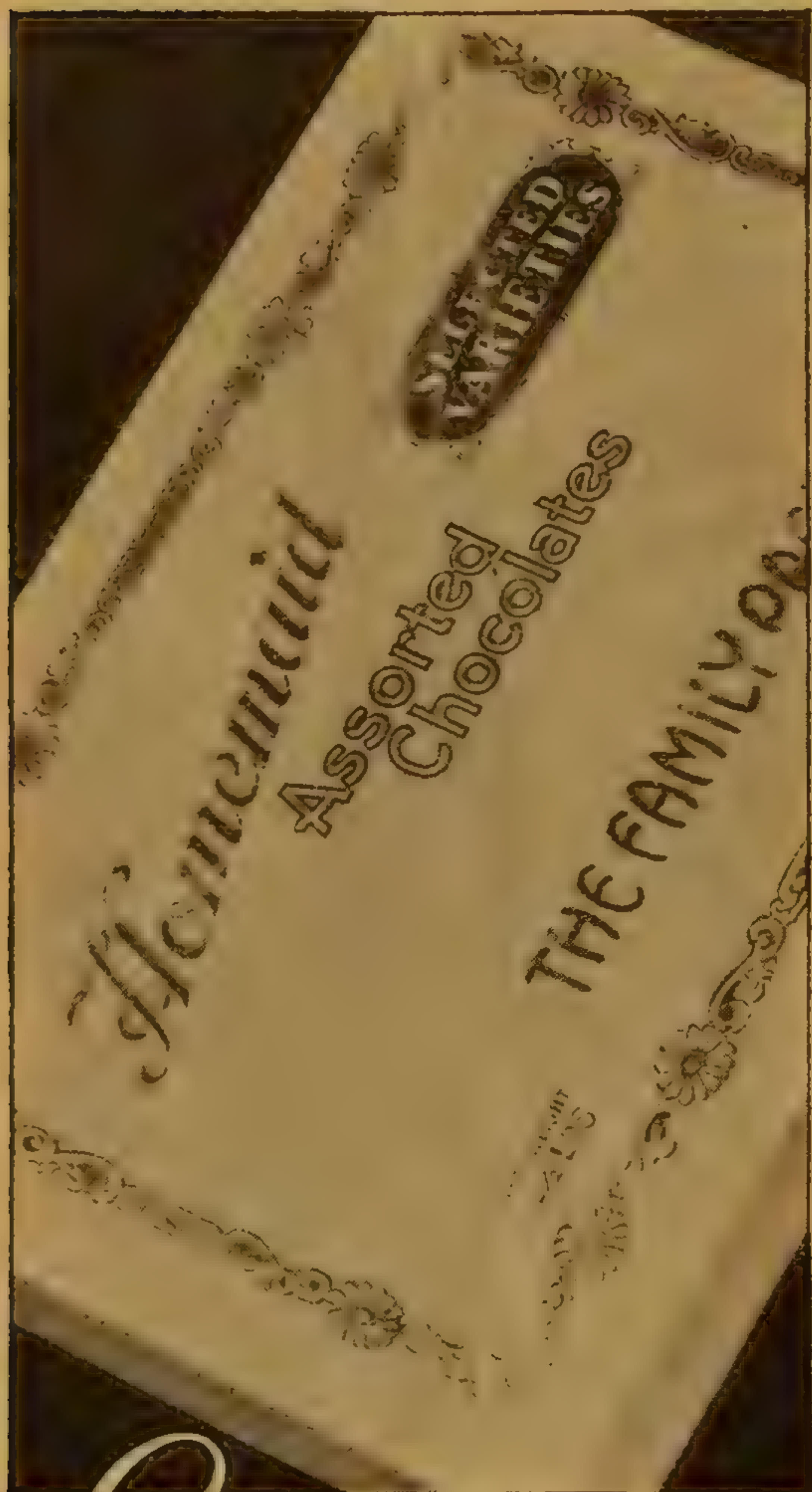
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Sweetest Day or any other day, you can count on this box of Homemaid Assorted Chocolates to provide candy enjoyment for the whole family!

Here's candy to please every taste. And enough to satisfy all appetites. Two and a half pounds of it—with a surprising assortment of flavors—and every piece coated with rich, creamy chocolate.

Homemaid Assorted Chocolates are made especially for Rexall Druggists, sealed in Cellophane and shipped direct to Rexall Drug Stores to assure utmost freshness and flavor.

Homemaid
Assorted Chocolates
Exclusively at 10,000 Rexall Drug Stores. There is one conveniently near you. Liggett and Owl stores are also Rexall stores.

Hollywood Votes for the First Time

(Continued from page 25)

The Dominoes, whose organization constitutes Hollywood's own, personal Woman's Club, are taking an active interest, not only in national, but in local politics. Every Thursday evening they give a dinner and invite some prominent political figure to address them. Afterward they hold a sort of open forum for an hour or two in the wide living room to discuss the problems of the moment. Just exactly as they do at the Woman's Club in your home-town.

Films Getting Political, Too

HOLLYWOOD, with this awakening civic consciousness, swells out her chest a little and wonders if she may not become, in time, an important political center. After all, criticisms of government methods are being expressed in current pictures. "The Washington Masquerade," "Washington Merry-Go-Round," "The Wet Parade," "The Phantom President," "Scarface"—some of these are satires and some are serious presentations of problems of national importance. "Scarface" was a direct challenge to voters. "This is your government," it said, in so many words. "This is your problem. What are you going to do about it?"

Newsreels, which are nothing more or less than newspapers in picture form, might easily become important political weapons. So far, they all proclaim a strict neutrality on all political questions. So far all of them

have refused to be used for purposes of propaganda. But if Hollywood becomes politically ambitious—the newsreels will be her most important assets. And Hollywood is showing symptoms of ambition. . . .

Hollywood might even develop some political figures of importance—if you will just give her time. No mere politician would have any such facilities for presenting his personality and his views to the public as would a motion picture person! Some of the powers in the industry now are already persons of political importance. Will Hays, czar of the industry, is an ex-Republican National Chairman and ex-Postmaster-General. I mentioned Louis B. Mayer and William Randolph Hearst earlier. Merian Cooper and David Selznick (RKO executives) are important figures. If the Democrats win, Will Rogers will probably be invited to sleep in the White House.

And, after all, didn't our own Will Rogers receive twenty-six—or was it twenty-eight—votes for the Democratic Presidential nomination on one ballot at the convention? One can think of people who would be worse choices, too, than our "Ambassador-at-large"!

Where will all this lead? Do you suppose that four years hence Hollywood will have a ticket of its own? With, maybe, Clark Gable for President and Gary Cooper as Vice President, with Lionel Barrymore slated to be Secretary of State? Gosh!

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 20)

"Silver Dollar." Now, on these hot Indian-Summer days, Bebe is sweltering under the lights in a blonde wig.

RUTH CHATTERTON and George Brent have been spending their honeymoon in the beautiful bungalow dressing-room on the First National lot that went along with Ruth's contract. The reasons are gossiped to be "sentimental." It was in this pretty little house that the Brent-Chatterton romance first began, between scenes of "The Rich Are Always with Us."

However, the more practically-minded friends of the honeymoon couple insist that the bungalow is merely serving as a temporary home while Ruth and George complete the furnishing of the Jascha Heifetz home in Beverly Hills, which they rented when Florence Vidor Heifetz moved out.

The Brents are being very coy about photographers and reporters. Garbo, herself, was never more elusive.

THOUGH Paulette Goddard is playing just a "bit" rôle in Eddie Cantor's "The Kid from Spain," she is one of the most-discussed young women in Hollywood at the present moment. Reason? For one, she seems to have captivated the exclusive attention of Charlie Chaplin. When Paulette steps out, it is almost a cinch that Charlie will be at her side.

Every morning Paulette arrives at the studio on the back seat of a luxurious town-car. As the chauffeur stands at attention at the door, Paulette, clad in the latest thing in lounging pajamas (rose velvet, the day we spotted her), gathers up her cigarettes and make-up kit, mentions in passing when she wants the car again, and hies across the lot to her very small dressing room. All the stars are quite impressed.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are back in Hollywood after three months in Europe. The first visit they made on their return was to the home of their pal, Robert Montgomery, who has been seriously ill.

Joan and Doug pulled a funny postcard trick while they were gone. Before they left Hollywood, they bought all the Hollywood cards they could find, depicting Hollywood Boulevard, the Chinese Theatre, the Brown Derby and all the other familiar old landmarks. From London, Paris, Rome and a few other places they sent the Hollywood views back to their friends with the comment:

"It's grand to be seeing new sights and new scenes. Wish you were here!"

LUPE VELEZ continues to deny that she might have been the reason for the marital difficulties of Johnny Weissmuller and Bobbe Arnst. In fact, Lupe insists that her interest in Johnny is purely platonic, and that it is Pete, Johnny's brother, who is her favorite beau.

Just recently, two women writers who are friends of Bobbe Arnst "ritzed" Lupe on the M-G-M lot, when the little Mexican star came over to the press table to say "Hello." Lupe was frantically distressed. "What's the matter with those women?" she demanded. When she heard the reason for the "cold shoulder," she dragged them both off to a quiet secluded spot and swore by everything that Lupe could think to swear by that she wasn't the cause of the Weissmuller separation. Just by way of proving it to the skeptical ladies, she hasn't seen Johnny since (?).

Bobbe Arnst, who makes no secret of her broken heart, has accepted a long vaudeville engagement.

(Continued on page 74)

that unfortunate
feeling of bulky,
revealing outlines gone!

the new Phantom★ Kotex

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SOMETIMES one offends unknowingly! Perhaps unconsciously *you've* overlooked certain things no fastidious woman should overlook. Those telltale outlines . . . those revealing wrinkles . . . that mar the outlines of your close-fitting dresses.

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The ends of this new Phantom Kotex are flattened, and skilfully tapered. They leave absolutely no outline . . . not the slightest bulk. And because it is so self-concealing, you are almost unaware of this modern sanitary protection. It molds itself to the contours of the body.

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And doubly important, today—you get this new, vastly improved product at no increase in price. Kotex prices are today the lowest in Kotex history.

Be sure when buying it wrapped that you do get genuine Kotex. For your protection, each tapered end is plainly marked "Kotex." On sale at drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom★ Kotex.



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This message is sent to
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THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

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Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

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Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

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John Boles Gives Some Tips to Young Married Couples

(Continued from page 52)

strange and powerful union of their personalities that makes for a far from passive relationship. A vigorous affection simply cannot be passive—I mean agreeable—at all times. There is bound to be occasional friction. The trouble is that people don't appreciate this—and don't take away its bitterness with understanding.

"Instead, during a quarrel, a couple is apt to break up with a shattering bang. If they are not sensible—and have not reasoned out just how much they mean to one another—it is apt to be a permanent rupture. That's where children are invaluable. Married people are apt to heal their differences because of their children.

"I have two children, and I suppose they have acted as anchors to windward for my marriage boat as often as the next man's youngsters have for his. I'm half-Irish, and that part of my nature is quick-tempered. Too, I come from a line of people—on that side—who are notoriously given to wandering. If it had not been for the saving grace of my youngsters, and the fortunate possession of a strain of canny Scotch blood, I might by now be finding myself a stoker on a tramp schooner—headed for nowhere.

How His Own Romance Began

"MY wife and I both attended the University of Texas. I was a Beta, and she was a sorority woman, a Pi Phi. Both liking to enjoy ourselves, we went through all the strains of collegiate social life together: fraternity hops, games, proms, all those grand times that are so conducive to romance. We got off on the right foot, as it were. I got my sheepskin one day—and we were married almost the next.

"Then the real tough time started. I was determined on a musical career. But first there was the War, a period with my father in the brokerage business in New York, and another as French and singing teacher at a girls' academy on Long Island. But I wasn't satisfied—and my wife knew it. It was she who backed up my resolve to break away, and presently we escaped to France.

"The sledding got harder. I was studying under Oscar Seagle and Jean de Reszke, and we had to live modestly. But we were young, and had Paris, and so we didn't mind. I think it ought to be compulsory for all young marriages to have a hard time of it in some romantic place. It gives them something to look back on fondly; something to laugh about, to feel more closely knit about, during the later period of cross-pulls and small, wearing differences that try the stoutest of affections.

"Back in New York, I uppishly refused to take anything but leads in musical productions. I tramped around for weeks without success. It was hard on my wife, but she didn't complain, and for that I was doubly grateful. Then my persistence was rewarded with the male lead in 'Little Jessie James' . . . and I started the trail that eventually brought me to Los Angeles"—(where Gloria Swanson saw him in "Kitty's Kisses" and signed him for "The Loves of Sunya")—"and to pictures.

Struggle Bound Them Closer

"THUS my wife and I had a grand background for success in these later years. We fought things out together, and so it does not seem strange to me that here we are, going stronger than ever. It does seem strange, I'll grant you, to a lot of people—those who consider it odd for an actor to marry in his early twenties and settle down to one wife and the raising of a family.

"But we of the stage can and do marry, just like anyone else—sometimes, obviously, a whole lot oftener than anyone else!—and I think we have as much chance to make a go of it as the next couple. Our problems are virtually the same as those of the bootlegger and his wife, and the butcher, the banker and the business man. There is one characteristic that we have in common, whatever our work may be—and that is the need for someone to laugh with us when we are sad, celebrate with us when we are happy, comfort us in our times of stress, and just swing along with us in those long in-between places that are neither high nor low, but just the main part of the road.

"Naturally, I'm not counseling hasty marriage for young kids. Too many youngsters have been crippled by assuming premature responsibilities. But there is a far greater danger than this—and that's waiting too long. Better to suffer, to fall down and bump yourself and get up and try again, than to miss it entirely. And that is just what a great many of the intelligent people of this world are doing to-day—letting themselves be tricked out of one of the great experiences granted to them.

His Cure For Indifference

"OH, I'm not implying that the ecstasies of those first young days will last permanently. But neither do I believe that they necessarily must fade like cut flowers. To judge from the attitude of most married couples, true enough, one might conclude that Adam and Eve had not been in the Garden for a fortnight before the lady began to note a considerable lapse of ardor on the part of her mate. And then came the ensuing inevitability of indifference.

"That's the modern angle, and so far as I can see, there is only one way to beat it. That is to learn the few rules that will insure a domestic relationship that will grow in strength and richness with the years. Most important of all of these, I should say, is 'Never take your partner for granted.'

"Advice as to the need for respecting one another's delicacies and sensitivities is so evidently unnecessary that its request scarcely seems called for—until we see how many married couples fall gradually into habits that rub the gloss from their relationship. Just because a man and woman have come to live together, there is absolutely no reason for either to think that he or she may invade the personal rights of the other. This trespass may take no larger form than appropriation of closet space belonging to the other member of the household; but, nevertheless, such incidents are dangerous.

Marriage Takes Common Sense

"THERE'S an old saying about a man's being only half as good a husband as he is a lover. If that is true, the only way to defeat the consequences is by the use of intelligence. Intelligence should be brought into play in the business of a successful marriage as surely as it is required in any other important business. Who but a foolish team would be silly enough to lose their tempers at the same time? Who but a trouble-seeker would carry out his own wishes at the expense of the other's?

"My wife is not a professional woman. Her job is running our home. Personally, I think that wise. I cannot see a great deal of success ahead for a marriage that starts with both partners heavily engaged in some absorbing work. I believe that a wife should be a sort of buffer for her husband, a source of peace for him when he is half-dead with fatigue and worry. And how is a man to get that from a woman who is exhausted, herself, from the demands of her own career? No career for my wife! I realize how valuable she is to me as Mrs. John Boles—and fully appreciate that it is she, who is the major part of the reason that we have gone along as well as we have."

POOR BUTTERFLY



so tired,
so unhappy . . .

• Until she learned One Simple Secret

What was wrong? Everything! So many irritations, every day—and she was too tired to cope with them. Too tired. She wasn't even pretty any more. Her eyes were dull—her skin blotchy and blemished . . .

Then—somebody told her a secret. A doctor. She must keep *internally cleansed* with a saline. *With Sal Hepatica.*

For Sal Hepatica contains the same salines as do the health springs of the famous European spas—Wiesbaden and Aix and Carlsbad—where the lovely continental goes to drink for new health, new vitality, new beauty.

All you need do is to stir Sal Hepatica

into a large glass of water, and drink the sparkling mixture down. Gently, thoroughly, wastes and poisons are flushed from your digestive tract.

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Jean Harlow—Tortured by Tragedy

(Continued from page 17)

student of suicide," in a detached, philosophical way. David Selznick, producer, told of Bern's big collection of books on the subject. Lothar Mendes, director, said that he believed overstudy had caused Bern's "delicately balanced sense of life to give way." Lady Inverclyde, known on stage and screen as "June," said "one could not help noticing that he was morbidly inclined."

Irving Thalberg, Bern's closest business associate, testified at the coroner's inquest that he knew of no marital difficulties between Paul and Jean, but said that Paul had been working hard and for some time had appeared highly nervous. John Gilbert, whom Bern had encouraged many times, revealed that he had prevented an earlier attempt by Bern to commit suicide—soon after the tragic death of Barbara La Marr. Other friends said that Paul had told them he "came from a family of suicides"—several relatives having taken their own lives.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "suicide—motive not known." The mystery deepened, and, at the same time, so did sympathy for the bride upon whom tragedy had descended so suddenly and overwhelmingly.

Paul Bern was called "the understanding heart," by Barbara La Marr, whom he befriended to her very last hours. Everyone in Hollywood loved this quiet, kindly, and sensitive man. He was invited everywhere. His life seemed an open book. Yet now it develops that there were things of which he did not speak even to his closest friends. There was, for instance, the Face carved on the great beam that runs through the center of his living room and projects into the patio beyond. The four corners of this immense beam end are adorned with faces cut into the wood—the faces of the four people who had been closest to him in his life, Paul told visitors. One is the "too beautiful" countenance of Barbara La Marr, another the unmistakable likeness of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The third corner bears the face of Carey Wilson, with whom Paul lived at one time. The fourth carries the head of a beautiful unknown woman whom Paul never named.

Another "Mrs. Bern"

NOW Hollywood is wondering whether she is the mysterious, pretty "Dorothy Millette," who was registered for ten years at a New York hotel as "Mrs. Paul Bern," who was reported to be "mentally deranged," and whose existence was never suspected until his tragic death. Hollywood, which had so recently seen Jean Harlow in bridal white satin, no more glittering than her amazing hair, now learned of a hidden "marriage" in Paul Bern's past. This quiet little German scenario writer and producer, who had earned the title of "Little Confessor of Hollywood" because of his sympathy and kindness to the sick and disgraced and broken-hearted, suddenly was revealed as a stranger, a man with tragic secrets of his own, which even the girl whom he loved and courted for two years did not guess.

In Hollywood men and women talk feverishly of the Present, and confidently of the Future, but seldom mention the Past. Their names are not, for the most part, their own. Their biographies are often concocted in the publicity departments. It takes the sudden sharp detonation of tragedy to bring to the surface the flotsam and jetsam of the lives that they have left behind. And among these fragments from Paul Bern's life come facts which show the dapper and successful picture executive in the lurid light

of a man who had inherited a tragic destiny, which, perhaps, could not in the end be escaped.

The romance between Jean Harlow and Paul Bern was not the sudden affair that startled all Hollywood when the two were married last July after a week's engagement. Almost two years ago, when Jean had just been granted her divorce from her first husband (Charles McGrew, II, Chicago bond broker), Paul Bern told one of his servants, "You will soon have a mistress in this house—a beautiful mistress."

Had Premonition of End

"JEAN is the most wonderful girl I have ever known," he said to a friend at the same time. "If I could not have her for my wife, *life would not be worth living.*"

And yet, while Paul Bern was making glowing plans to marry the gorgeous platinum blonde who was just beginning her sensational screen rise, the shadow of the dark midnight hour that was to come two years later hovered over him. It was during the months when he knew that he was to marry Jean that he confided to a director-friend one day that he felt that he had inherited the family curse of suicide. "My mother died by her own hand," he said. "Other close relatives have died the same way. *I shall probably kill myself some day.*"

He was a German. He was familiar with the unhappy philosophies of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, and he had delved into the morbid soul-searchings of German scientists and thinkers. His sensitive heart was sick with the sufferings of humanity. That sympathy of his led him to seek out grief and sorrow wherever he went. He had been much with those who had contemplated suicide. With his own hands he once held a frantic woman, who had found only disgrace and wretchedness in a foreign land, from leaping from her hotel window to Broadway ten stories below. He had talked another woman, whom love had betrayed, into giving him the revolver that she had planned to use for escape. He had tried vainly to save a girl magazine writer from self-destruction by collaborating with her on a scenario, to give her the hope her discouraged spirit needed. He was with Barbara La Marr, Lucille Ricksen and Mabel Normand when they died.

Vicariously, Paul Bern must have died many times, in a life saddened by other people's pain. Death was no stranger to the man who had held so many dying hands in his.

Lived Far From Crowd

"LIFE is terribly hard," he often told his servants, who knew him, perhaps, better than most of his studio friends. Though a familiar figure at all social events in Hollywood, where he was the escort at different times of some of the most gorgeous women of the screen, Paul Bern chose one of the loneliest spots within reach of Hollywood for his home. In the charming, quaintly fairybook house he built in a fold of high hills, he lived the introspective life of a recluse. His home was so remote that he put up small signs: "This way to Paul Bern's home."

The verdict of the coroner's jury, "death from a shot fired with suicidal intent," seems to be borne out by a remark he made to his gardener two days before his death. "Bring me your bill tomorrow. I want to pay it as soon as possible."

"But there isn't any hurry, Mr. Bern," the man said, surprised.

"Yes, there is," Paul Bern said, with the hunted look his servants had seen him wear

(Continued on page 71)

The Headline History of Chaplin

(Continued from page 58)

will be a talkie, Hollywood hears.

May 14, 1932—Comedian welcomed like king in Japan. Two hundred reporters interview him; hundreds of police fight back mob at Tokyo station. Declares reception is most enthusiastic he has ever received.

May 30, 1932—Charlie and brother attend a supper in their honor, given by Ken Inukai, son of recently assassinated Premier.

June 2, 1932—Chaplin leaves Japan with regret. Sails for America.

June 16, 1932—Returns to Beverly Hills home after sixteen months of globe-trotting—"first real vacation in twenty years." Says he will remain silent on screen. "My screen career is famous in pantomime, so why should I change?"

June 17, 1932—Chaplin announces he has a plan to place world finances on even keel. Would have governments deposit money in international bank, issue international currency.

June 20, 1932—Lita Grey Chaplin signs film contract by which she and two sons—Charles, Jr., 7, and Sydney, 6—will appear in five pictures. Children now with grandmother in Nice, France.

June 23, 1932—Chaplin will not say publicly whether or not he approves of projected film careers of sons. Friends predict he will fight their appearance on screen.

July 7, 1932—Question "Who is film-dom's wealthiest celebrity?" answered by County Assessor in new tax roll. Chaplin heads list with \$7,687,570 in taxable stocks and bonds, and cash and solvent credits of \$295,600.

July 11, 1932—Chaplin boys arrive in New York, dressed in white sailor suits, and accompanied by young-looking grandmother.

July 12, 1932—Chaplin files protest with County Board of Supervisors against tax assessment. Attorneys claim his securities are worth only \$1,657,316. In interview in New York, Chaplin boys reveal that their favorite movie stars are Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and their father, in that order. Looking forward to acting. When grown up, Charles wants to be a locomotive engineer and his brother wants to drive a Fifth Avenue bus.

July 19, 1932—County Supervisors deny Chaplin's petition for \$6,000,000 reduction in assessments.

August 5, 1932—Chaplin attends premiere of "Back Street" with Paulette Goddard, platinum blonde newcomer to films. Romance rumors about couple.

August 10, 1932—Publisher announces that Charlie Chaplin is writing autobiography—and doing all the writing, himself. Reported that only screen star he mentions by name is Marlene Dietrich.

August 23, 1932—Chaplin calls on two sons, recent arrivals in Hollywood. First time he has seen them in nearly two years.

August 24, 1932—Chaplin attorneys file suit in attempt to prevent sons' film careers. Comedian says in petition they are amply provided for, and feels screen work would prevent their leading normal lives and might be detrimental to their futures.

August 27, 1932—Chaplin testifies that concentration necessary to act in pictures would tax the vitality of his two sons.

August 29, 1932—Chaplin wins injunction restraining wife from fulfilling contract with boys. Judge orders modification of Chaplin divorce decree to include provision that employment of the boys must be with written consent of both parents.

September 15, 1932—Lita Grey Chaplin writes to ex-husband for permission to have children in picture with her.



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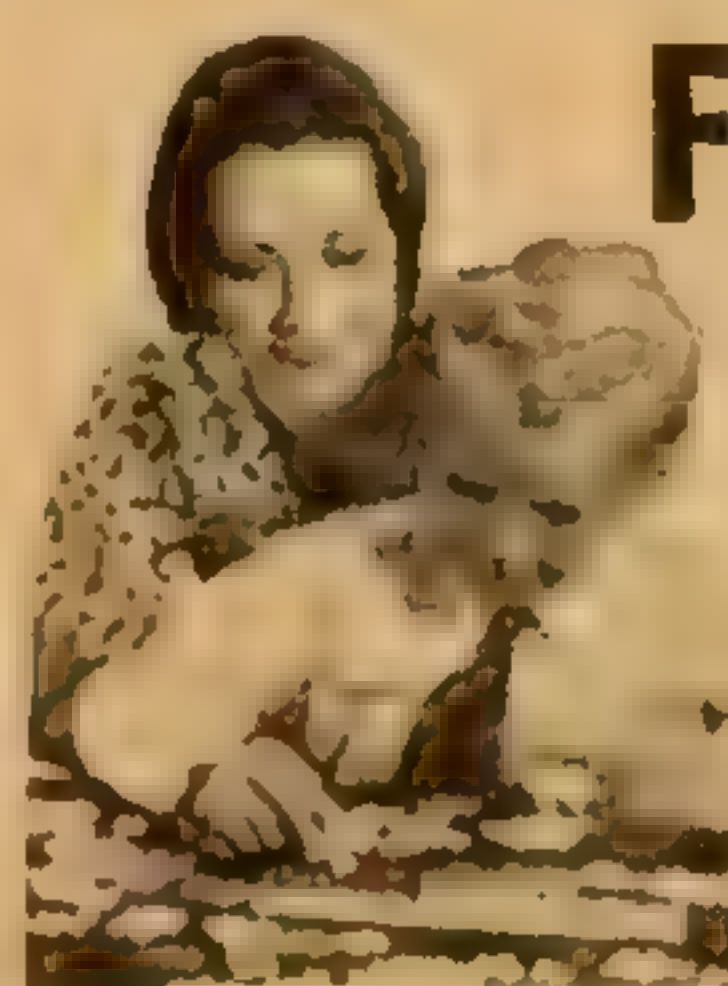


as other leading mouth washes—by adding water it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you extra protection against sore throat colds and unpleasant breath.

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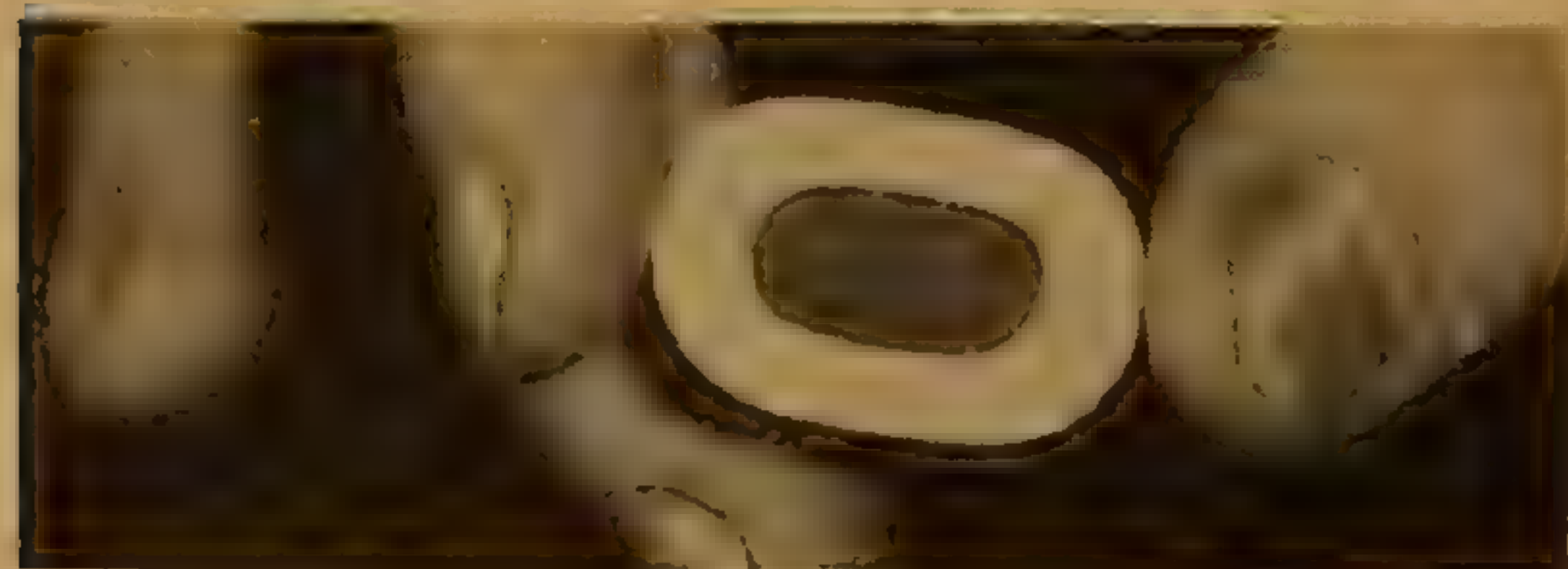
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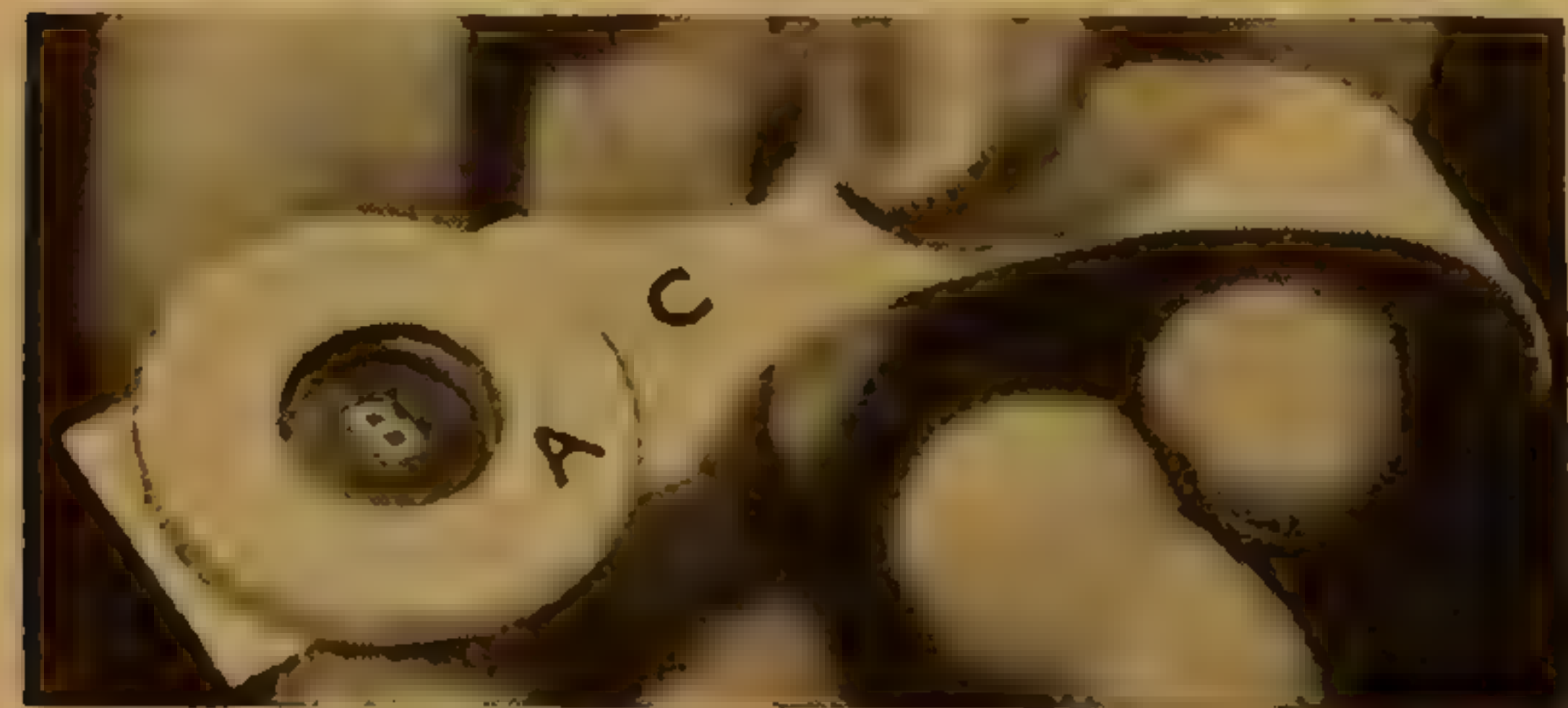
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Franklin Pub. Co., 800 No. Clark St., Dept. A607 Chicago

Bill Powell Talks About His Wife

(Continued from page 15)

Bill Powell has an entirely different slant on the situation.

"Carole's illness has done more to cement the affection between us," he says, "than anything else could have and given us a companionship that few picture couples are ever allowed to have. For months Carole was unable to work. Ordinarily, she would have been at the studio most of the time since our marriage. But her illness gave us a chance to know each other intimately.

"The fact that I make a limited number of pictures a year and have a great deal of time off made it even better. We were able to live almost like normal people. If Carole had been well, marriage and I would have been just sandwiched in between pictures. This way it was her whole life.

"And I think her illness saved us from the pitfall of conflicting careers, which is a very difficult adjustment to make in the first years of marriage. Professional jealousy—not only jealousy of the other person's success, but jealousy because his work seems more important to him than you are—is apt to rear its ugly head in any marriage of an actor to an actress.

"We were spared all that, and I think we understand each other well enough, after this year of being together, to weather anything of that kind that may come in the future."

Not Making Any Promises

HAVING a reputation for cynicism to uphold, I would be the last person to risk any prophecies about the future happiness of the William Powells. True, their house in Beverly Hills doesn't have the atmosphere of a home that is about to be rent asunder. It seems filled with sunlight and good dispositions, and people doffing their hats to each other in the most spontaneous sort of way. But even Bill, himself, who admits he has never loved Carole more than he does right now, refuses to make any promises about next year or next week.

"How can you make a statement about anything as unvolitional as love?" he reasons. "I don't know how it will be. I wouldn't want to swear that Carole and I will feel the same way a year from now. You can't snap your fingers and say, 'Here, Love!', or turn it off and on like a tap. You don't ask for it in the first place, and you can't detain it if it wants to go.

"Someone came down here the other day to take our pictures out in the garden as 'Hollywood's happy couple'—one of the few 'lasting marriages' in pictures." He laughed. "It makes you feel a little self-conscious, posing for them—when you realize that half the time in cases like that the divorce papers are filed before the magazine even gets on the stands. It's almost a challenge.

"Marriage, itself, is dangerous for that reason. It professes to be able to control love. It says, 'Now, that you've said these words, you've got to go on loving this man or this woman.' You chafe under it, naturally.

"And the Hollywood idea of making long speeches about love and expecting them to hold good a month or two later, when the interview comes out, is absurd."

Bill's Biggest Worry

BILL objects to being written about, any way. He is one of the least-interviewed men in Hollywood, and has the nearest approach to a private life that you can find in this town, with the exception of that arch-hermit, Ronald Colman, who is a pal of Bill's. He doesn't believe publicity does you either any good or any harm, and even if it does he would rather stand or fall on the quality of his own work in pictures. The only thing that worries him is the quality of his pictures. His contract calls for control over stories, but he has about given himself up as a story-picker, and is passing the buck to the Warner Brothers.

Bill, you remember, is the possessor of one of those elegant and extravagant contracts that have stirred up so much wrath, since the depression. Bill asks that the next time you get all of a lather thinking about it, you consider a few of the facts in the case. For instance, that almost half of it—money, I'm talking about—goes to the government in income taxes, and therefore is ultimately distributed among all the millions of people who are busy shaking their fists at Mr. Powell.

And second, that he has worked for twenty years at a very small salary to accomplish this, and that it will last for only a few years more, so all things considered he isn't much better off in the long run than any of you.

He's a little better off, though, because he was lucky enough to marry Carole Lombard, a girl with the good judgment to be an invalid during that perilous first year.

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 11)

to the marathoners. Mary Pickford dropped in one night and made a speech. Scenario writers took their notebooks down with them. Directors brought their lunches. You've guessed it—before the frost is on the pumpkin, you'll begin to see a lot of stories about dance marathons.

Evelyn Brent even thinks she might enter the next contest. It's one way to see everyone you know—and she says she can't sleep anyway.

SOME enterprising lad in New York is producing a revue number called "Twelve Garbos." We've forgotten the exact number—never having much of a memory for numerals anyway. But all the gals are to look like the Swedish mystery lady.

As if that were not enough, a Hollywood picture producer of "Baby Burlesks" (awk) is on the lookout for a child Garbo. The infant must not be over thirty-six inches tall, and under four years of age. She must

also enunciate clearly. Nothing is said about a Stockholm accent.

Now, Garbo, see what you've started!

HAVING had sort of bad luck with sea-going yachts, Buster Keaton is concentrating on land ships now. You remember that the last boat he had, caused all the marital difficulties between Buster and Natalie Talmadge Keaton. Natalie finally got a divorce and the yacht, too, which looks like a lot of generosity.

Now Buster has bought a traveling house unlike anything ever seen before in these parts. It has two motors, a kitchen, a living room, showerbath, sleeping accommodations for six guests, and a penthouse effect on the roof. Buster calls himself "the Admiral" of this queer-looking vehicle.

It had its maiden voyage (or maybe that isn't just the right expression) over the Labor Day holidays. Buster and his pal, Lew Cody, took the thing up to Lake

Tahoe. When they got to San Francisco, however, they were awfully glad to have a nice, peaceful night at the Palace Hotel. So maybe land yachts aren't such fun at that!

YOU might as well make up your mind to it—the mauve decade is on its way back. Feminine fripperies are getting awfully gay ninetyish. In our family album there is a swell tintype of grandma, and durned if she isn't wearing one of those "Letty Lynton" dresses. Strolling down a San Francisco street, we saw three shops advertising the duds that Joan Crawford gave to posterity. One shop offered them for \$15 per each—within the reach of all. Personally, we think those wide shoulders make a girl look like a cross-country bus, but then we don't know much about what constitutes style.

Ina Claire is wearing hats that are a throwback to the bicycle-built-for-two era, and when Joan was in Paris she bought a lot of feather boas.

Now all that is left is for Clark Gable, who started the turtle-neck sweater craze, to take up celluloid collars. Then everything will be just dandy—if you could only get a five-cent mug of beer. And mebbe that will be with us soon!

OH, dear—o-oh, de-ear, why do they do those things! And there's so much trouble in the world as it is. RKO-Radio is filming something called "Parlor, Bedroom and Wrath." At that, it isn't quite so bad as the Hal Roach comedy title—"Strange Inner Tube." Shades of O'Neill!

IN this advanced day, when everything including Mickey Mouse has gone sound, it seems silly to write anything about a theatre that doesn't have talking pictures. Believe it or not, there is a moompicher theatre in Los Angeles that still clings to the dear old silents. A young lady pianist plays what she thinks are appropriate numbers for all scenes. Occasionally she gets a bit confused—but you can't say she doesn't give her all.

The other night she was called upon to play something in keeping with the burial ceremonies of an army officer. She thought she was playing the familiar, somber "taps." What she really played was that lively umph-da-diddy which goes "I can't get 'em up—I can't get 'em up in the morn'ning."

THE best sign over a movie theatre—
Emil Jannings in "Passion"
Cooled by electric refrigeration.

WELL, times do change. Now Eric von Stroheim has gone economical. Do you remember when the studio would give Eric \$500,000 to make a picture, and three months to turn it out? After six months Eric would still be going strong, and would have already spent something like \$2,000,000. Them days are gone. Eric, directing "Walking Down Broadway," is ahead of his shooting schedule, and has kept within every penny of the money allotment.

On the other hand, C. B. DeMille, who used to be considered a nice, safe and sound director, capable of giving even Bible stories the necessary box-office sex appeal, is having a grand time on "Sign of the Cross." A little bird has whispered to us that scenes are included that you'll never see in your favorite temple of movie entertainment. Personally, we hope the censors won't cut out any of the Roman bathroom sequences. Somehow we're just longing for another glimpse of a DeMille bathtub. It would seem as if times were really returning to normalcy once again.

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Ex-Ladies' Man—That's Joel McCrea!

(Continued from page 21)

have been closely involved with his picture career. It helps a young actor over the first difficult years, he says, to play opposite some famous star. Not only because he's sure to be seen by her large following, but because if she interests herself in him personally, it gives him a great boost in the industry.

I don't mean to imply that Joel deliberately cultivates women to advance himself. He is a boy without guile, generous and easygoing and what I suppose you would call "clean" (at the risk of getting a sock from Mr. McCrea). But when a star throws herself at him and shows a desire to help him professionally with her attentions, he doesn't struggle.

"Connie Bennett was swell," said he, with his unromantic man-to-man attitude. "I still like her very much, though I never see her. All the sarcastic things you hear about her are true, and so are all the nice ones. If she doesn't like you, she can be the coolest girl in the world. But if she does happen to like you, there's nothing she won't do for you, no trouble she won't go to to help you.

"She was wonderful to me. She helped me a lot when we started working together—took me around and made Hollywood aware of me. The important people in Hollywood would never take me seriously before, but because she thought I was swell, they immediately thought so, too. She did it to help me. I did a lot of screwy things—like saying for publication that I never cared anything about her. It was an awful thing to do, but I did it because I didn't have any better sense and thought it was the right thing. But she was awfully nice about it. If she likes anyone, she understands everything and puts up with everything.

Connie Remembered Him

"I've hardly seen her since she got married. But when I got back from the 'Bird of Paradise' trip to Honolulu I found she had bought herself a portable phonograph, and had bought one for me too. Didn't see me or say anything about it—just had her secretary send it over to my dressing-room. She does things like that."

Under Connie's wing, Joel went through the stuffed shirt era of his career. He was the stiff, young, wholesome leading man, feeling thoroughly unnatural and uncomfortable, trying to be as sweet as Buddy Rogers and to show as many teeth when he smiled. It was all very depressing.

Then some inspired executive suddenly remembered Joel's torso—that gleaming body that for years and years had commanded a small, but swooning feminine public at the Santa Monica Swimming Club. With the utmost haste they tore off his shirt, and gave orders that henceforth Joel McCrea was to be bare from the waist up. The results were gratifying. All the South Seas in Joel responded to this happy turn of events, and all the girl-power of the nation responded to Joel, lean and brown and beautifully muscled from swimming.

Basking in the sun in some scant white tights that were the ultimate expression of the new policy, Joel smiled at all this.

"It's true," he said. "Once the shirt comes off, it has to stay off. It's like being a policeman in the movies. If you do it once, you're a policeman for life. Anyway, I'm delighted, because it has given me my first chance to play the kind of parts I'm really suited for. I'm no actor, and never will be one. The only thing I can do is to be natural, and it's natural for me to be doing something athletic with as few clothes on as possible."

Joel proves this on his days off, by playing volley ball at the beach club every Sunday, and swimming with George

O'Brien or some other man when he's not working.

"I'm not going with any girl," he said. "I couldn't take a girl to the beach and then leave her alone for two hours while I play ball. I'm not crazy about anybody anyway. And besides, I'm invited to a great many parties by hostesses who want plenty of extra men around, and I'm never asked to bring a girl."

Then Joel went into his classic analysis of the film bachelor and his true position in the community, which only proves again that despite his open countenance, sweet disposition, and guileless manner, Mr. McCrea knows what is going on around him.

"Bachelors always seem to think they're so mysterious and glamorous and desirable," he said. "But it's all a lot of nonsense. I don't see why they don't realize that they're only invited out because hostesses must have extra men around the house. They know I'm nice and that I'll behave and won't break up their furniture, and so I'm an ideal bachelor for parties. I don't flatter myself they want me for any other reason. You can tell that, the minute you start going with one girl all the time. As soon as people know they have to invite your girl with you, the invitations start falling off. It's not me they want; it's a bachelor, and they resent it if they think one of their most useful bachelors is in love or is headed that way.

"Of course, that's not why I don't go with some girl—because I don't care particularly about parties anyway. But as I don't go with any girl, I have so many invitations that I don't lack things to do.

Fame Makes a Difference

"THERE'S no personal element in a Hollywood-party any more, anyway," he went on. "All the adventure is gone. You know just whom you'll meet, and why, and how they'll treat you—according to what your own position in Hollywood is at the moment. That's why I can't see how anyone ever gets a swelled head in this business. Nobody gives a rap about you—it's just your temporary success. Hostesses say, 'Clark Gable is coming!' and everyone gets excited, but nobody really cares, except that he's the sensation of the moment. And the next year it may be somebody else.

"I know almost all the important people and the great successes of Hollywood. I've met them all, and there's no particular charm, no extraordinary attraction beyond the normal about any of them. They're just nice people, but nothing special, and it's only because of their success that people make such a fuss over them."

Having completed his thought for the day, Joel relaxed and went on with his between-scenes sunbath. He was finishing "Sport Page," in which he plays football and undoubtedly has a rubdown between halves to reveal that physique.

"This picture gives me a great chance to be undressed," he said. "It's all about wrestling and football and newspapermen. Plenty of athletics."

I felt that on behalf of the Press I should resent that statement, but Joel went on innocently, "It was Charlie Bickford who tipped me off to all this. He told me to stop being sweet and giving the camera that vacant smile. He said, 'You're not that type. You're like me—you ought to be tough. Put a little menace into your personality. When you do a scene with a woman, be a little tough with her, so there's no doubt that you're a man.'"

So thanks to Charlie Bickford and whoever thought of taking off the shirt, there's not a shred of doubt left in anyone's mind on that point.

Jean Harlow—Tortured by Tragedy

(Continued from page 66)

for several weeks. "You see, I may be going away very soon."

And yet, with the word "suicide," the mystery only deepens. In stepping out of the life of his twenty-one-years-younger bride, whom he may have feared he could not make happy, he must have known that his act would endanger the entire future happiness of the girl he loved. And there is no doubt that Paul Bern loved Jean Harlow with an adoration that amounted to idolatry.

Those who know him say he spent money extravagantly to make her happy. On his return from his airplane trip to the East last summer, he brought a trunk filled with costly gifts of jewelry, negligees, and trinkets for Jean. He gave her the deed of his home for a magnificent wedding present that made even Hollywood gasp. Four days before he took his own life, he passed a test for an \$85,000 life insurance policy. In his will, he left Jean everything.

The Irony of His Act

AND yet, ironically, he could have done Jean no greater harm than by his suicide, if he had planned the deadliest revenge! As a motion picture producer he must have known what gossip and rumors would inevitably gather around the tragic figure of a two-months' bride whose husband had shot himself. He had protected too many women, and men, too, from the loss of their careers through sensational newspaper headlines, not to have foreseen this danger to her.

Hollywood was instantly filled with whispers. Whose hand drove the "high-powered car that roared down Easton Drive at three o'clock on the morning of his death and skidded as it turned into Benedict Canyon?" Had the car been at Bern's home? What was meant by the mysterious postscript to the suicide note, "You understand that last night was only a comedy?" Where did Paul Bern go on an all-day trip two weeks after his marriage? Why did he always carry a loaded gun, as protection against some unnamed danger?

And now, as though all this tragedy were not enough, Jean Harlow's career is threatened, ironically enough, from within. Amazing as it is, it seems that many moviegoers have associated poor Jean with the rôles she has been called upon to play—identified her more closely than any other actress has ever been identified with screen rôles. Perhaps this is because her screen characterizations have been so consistently of one type—the heartless gold-digger, the hussy and the vamp.

Jean Never Stirred Up Gossip

AND yet there are few Hollywood actresses who have been more carefully guarded and chaperoned than Jean Harlow; few who have caused so little gossip. Her mother or her stepfather is always with her, in Hollywood or on tour. Romance rumorers have found little to say of Jean. She and her family deplored the characters she has played on the screen—so much so that Jean even left the movies for many months rather than go on playing them, after she discovered by her fan mail that picture audiences were confusing her real self with her film rôles. Now, in her hour of trouble, these seductive screen sirens rise up like pale-haired ghosts to haunt her with sins she never committed.

In the September MOVIE CLASSIC, Louise Rice, famous graphologist, analyzed Jean Harlow's handwriting and wrote:

(Continued on page 73)



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IN no other product, is it more important to look for the trade-mark of a reputable manufacturer than it is in lamps. *Because there is no other sure way*, outside of testing laboratories, of knowing that the lamp you buy will give you good light at low cost.


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You Can't Always Copy A Movie Star

(Continued from page 26)

with our eyebrows unplucked and without our base of vanishing cream. We wouldn't know that sports pajamas are shorter this year, or that suntan is slightly last year's stuff, if it weren't for the expert advice of Lilyan Tashman. There might even be women laboring under the illusion of "good forms," tipping the scale at 130, if it weren't for girls like Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard. Without Jean Harlow, platinum might still be in wedding rings only.

No, Fanette, I am not the one to quarrel with the great benefit to womankind done by movie stars in the line of fashion and beauty aids. No doubt the sanction of such charmers as Norma Shearer, Bebe Daniels, Sue Carol, Gloria Swanson, Florence Vidor, Carmel Myers, May McAvoy and other recent mothers has done a great deal toward popularizing maternity.

But there are just certain angles of Hollywood etiquette and manner that seem a great deal more attractive in Hollywood practice than, say, in Oshkosh, Walla Walla or Newport.

For instance, there is something exciting and inspiring in the thought that movie stars are, after all, "different and colorful" people in the newspaper announcement: "Ruth Chatterton, Film Star, Affirms Her Engagement to George Brent, Following Her Divorce From Ralph Forbes. Mr. Forbes Leaves Immediately For Reno, Following Wife's Engagement." But when you stop to think of it in terms of how it would read in the *Centerville Gazette*! . . . "Mrs. Roscoe Hicks, housewife, announces her engagement to Steve (Traveling Salesman) Hotshot, following her divorce from Frank Hicks. Mr. Hicks departed for Reno last night to file divorce proceedings immediately upon reading of his wife's approaching marriage." Well, it does rather prove that you can't always copy a movie star in your private life!

That Talmadge-Jessel Mix-Up

IT is palpitating to read that Norma Talmadge and George Jessel are "seeing the sights of Paris" together and are being rumored engaged. But given the same set of circumstances, try this on your local paper:

"Mrs. Sam Schmultz and Romeo Highstep pulled in last night from a two weeks' vacation in Junction Center. Mrs. Schmultz denied a divorce action from Sam Schmultz. 'Sam and I are the best pals in the world,' she smiled. Mrs. Highstep, and the two children, met the happy homecomers at the train. 'Just one happy family . . . all friends,' grinned Mr. Highstep."

When you really stop and think of it, Fanette, there must be something in names, in spite of Shakespeare's skepticism. And perhaps in photographic subjects, too . . .

Before me, on my desk, is a large and most affectionate picture of a movie star and her director-husband, taken soon after their wedding. They are locked fondly in one another's arms—in fact, the director's nose seems to be pressed smack into his wife's sea-shell of an ear. This is what is known as an intimate little peek into Hollywood social life and will probably be printed

in all languages, including the Scandinavian. The caption reads: "Hollywood Director Gives Bride Big Bear Hug." Just for fun, picture your local banker and his frau snapped by the enthusiastic camera in equal informality with the note: *Local Banker Bites Mrs. On Ear.*

Hollywood, too, has a quaint way of handling such vital statistics as birth announcements. As far back as the first of March, it was printed in a Hollywood newspaper that Helen Twelveteens (Mrs. Frank Woody) was expecting a "blessed event." The little stranger was expected (by the newspaper folk) "sometime in October." If this really becomes general practice, Fanette, imagine the excitement of the vital statistic columns which will read: "Exactly nine months, two hours and a split second after you read this, Joe Goodfellow will be passing out cigars in the back of Taylor's drug store."

Put These in Your Local Paper

HONESTLY, I wonder why we don't just all break down and admit that movie stars are movie stars, and not to be copied too closely. If all this hasn't been a lesson to you, I'm honest-to-goodness reprinting the following items of the doings of the celebrated stars with just ordinary folksy names substituted for the box-office attractions that inspired the information. Read 'em and go and do likewise, if you can, Fanette:

At the opening of the local Opera House, Mrs. Bilyan Dollars was one of the most startlingly gowned women present. Mrs. Dollars' gown was of flowered cotton, with which she wore the famous diamond dog collar. Her coiffure was Grecian.

A son has arrived at the happy home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter So-And-So, prominent in social circles of this city. The boy will be called Walter So-And-So, Jr. The So-And-So's have another child, a two-year-old daughter, named Waltina in honor of her father.

Mr. and Mrs. Richfellow entertained at dinner last night in honor of their daughter, Miss Gwen Richfellow, who is going out of town for two weeks. Two hundred and twenty-five guests were bidden. Simplicity marked the charming affair throughout. A thirty-piece band supplied the dance melodies. Corsages of orchids were presented to all the lady guests. The stadium ballroom on the roof of the Richfellow's fifty-room home was the scene of the festivities.

The three ex-husbands of Mrs. Gay Little were glimpsed dining together the other evening. They call one another "brother-in-law."

Miss Wilma Potts of Bay Beach entertained with a small beach party last Sunday at her purple and pink cottage. After lunch Miss Potts and Charlie Hipps donned bathing suits and staged an informal wrestling match. The good wholesome fun was enjoyed by all.

Do you begin to see what I mean, Fanette? It is too much—much too much. Let the movie stars set our fashion paces and curl, or uncurl our hair, but let's leave the social life where it belongs . . . in Hollywood.

Here's hoping . . .

BARBARA FOSS.

Did You Know That—

Lina Basquette, who recently denied being married to Teddy Hayes, former Dempsey trainer, and then announced her engagement to him, has just won a Mexican divorce from Mr. Hayes—who, it turns out, did marry Lina on October 31, 1931?

Tommy Ince, son of the late Thomas Ince, producer, has just married Nancy Drexel, screen actress—and that they have entered college together for a honeymoon?

James Cagney and Warner Brothers are arbitrating their long-standing contract dispute?

Jean Harlow—Tortured by Tragedy

(Continued from page 71)

"Jean Harlow should make a good wife and mother," and explained why. Just three days before Jean was so tragically widowed, Miss Rice received this letter from her: "Your article in September MOVIE CLASSIC really gave me great pleasure because of all the things in the world that I think a woman should be best fitted for is marriage and glorious motherhood, and I am sincerely grateful that you found these characteristics in my make-up. My heartfelt wishes for every good, beautiful and true thing that this life has to offer you. Most appreciatively, Jean Harlow."

Jean Harlow is twenty-one years old. Twenty-one is very young to be faced with tragedy and fear for the future. Twenty-one is very young to wonder if life is over. It is too late now to help those other beautiful and unhappy women whom Hollywood has watched pass into oblivion under the black shadow of tragedy.

A newspaper woman, who had known Paul Bern well, put the feeling of all Hollywood into words when she said:

"No matter what this terrible thing brings to light from his past life, Paul was the friend of everyone in trouble; when tragedy came, when disgrace threatened, when danger drew near, Paul was the first one to come to the rescue. If Jean Harlow had been married to some other man who killed himself, Paul Bern would be with her now, calming her in that wonderfully sympathetic way he had, seeing her through. He helped give Barbara La Marr, Mabel Normand, and Lucille Ricksen and many other women courage to die—and he helped many more women to find the courage to go on living. Wouldn't he want us to protect the woman he loved now—?"

The wound in Jean Harlow's heart may never heal—but life has to go on. The show has to go on. She has quietly returned to work in "Red Dust," on which she was working on that fateful morning. She is trying to carry on—bravely—as Paul Bern would have wished. The mystery of the motive for Paul's act may never be solved—but the public has it in its power to end one mystery in Jean's mind: What does the future hold for her?



Robert Cicero
Helen Twelvetrees, with her husband, Frank Woody, is shown en route to the home of her parents where she has awaited the stork



IF YOU WANT
A SOFT, SMOOTH
SKIN
INSTANTLY

...Enjoy a Fragrant Linit Beauty Bath!

THE new Perfumed Linit Beauty Bath brings the fragrance of an old English Garden into your bath—and instantly makes the skin feel soft as velvet.

Merely dissolve a handful or more of the new Perfumed Linit in your bath—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin. Soft, smooth and delightfully refreshed.

After a Linit Beauty Bath there is left on the skin a fine coating of powder. This invisible "layer" of Linit makes powdering unnecessary, eliminates "shine" from neck and arms and harmlessly absorbs perspiration without clogging the pores.

Millions of women daily enjoy the Linit Beauty Bath. It is surprising that a beauty bath so luxurious, so effective in immediate results should be so inexpensive.

● Linit, unscented, in the familiar blue package is on sale at grocers only. The new Perfumed Linit in the green, cellophane-wrapped package is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores

THE BATHWAY TO A
SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN



New MAKE-UP from Hollywood



MARY ASTOR,
famous star, and
Max Factor, Holly-
wood's make-up genius,
using Max Factor's
Face Powder.

HOLLYWOOD—"What we have discovered in pictures about make-up... every woman should know," says Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. "Powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, to create fascinating beauty, must be in color harmony for each type of blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette."

You, yourself, have seen how Max Factor has revolutionized make-up, for in every picture from Hollywood Max Factor's make-up is used exclusively.

Discover the amazing difference in Max Factor's face powder... created to screen star types, each shade is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors so that even strongest daylight or artificial light will never make it appear off-color, spotty or powdery. Tested under blazing motion picture lights, and proved perfect for you by Hollywood's stars.

It creates that even, satin-smooth make-up you've so admired on the screen. It clings for hours and defies detection. Created originally for the screen stars, you may now share the luxury of Max Factor's face powder, nominally priced at one dollar a box. Rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow, created by Max Factor, in color harmony tones, are fifty cents each. Purity guarantee in each package. At all drug and dept. stores.

Find how to give your beauty added attraction with make-up in color harmony for your type. Mail coupon.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up



Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

MR. MAX FACTOR,
Max Factor Make-Up Studios
Hollywood, California.

Without obligation, send my Make-Up Color Harmony Chart, Complexion Analysis, and your 48-page illus. Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"; include Miniature Powder Compact in my color harmony shade. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

3-11-7M

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS <input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	

George Brent's Irish Luck Is Just Beginning!

(Continued from page 51)

accept the suggestion of turning his ambitious nature to the accomplishment of financial success.

Even to-day, after experiences in many parts of the world, which were for the sole purpose of strengthening the fibre of his character, he has retained a sensitiveness that is unusual, that enables him to appreciate his own company, to dislike parties, to be bothered by close-ups, to dress quietly, and to be self-conscious when being interviewed.

His Character, in Brief

THE total of the addition of the numbers of all the letters in the name of George Brent is the number "5," and as well as accounting for the sensitiveness already explained, this number gives him a decided inclination to be a jack-of-all-trades. It makes the outstanding qualities of his character versatility, resourcefulness, and great ability to meet emergencies and to work the hardest and the best under pressure, just as it reveals that the weak points are procrastination, too much eagerness in starting things, and not enough tenacity in seeing them through.

Born March 15, 1904, George Brent has had, and will continue to have, an interesting life, embracing many experiences of a contrasting nature. The number of his birthdate is also "5," like his name; and with this number before us it is easy to follow him from Ireland, to England, to France, where in the South his romantic temperament would find a happy environment; then to Egypt, and finally to America.

Except to see the world, to follow his fancy, and to seek to find a harmonious setting for his ideas and personality, he had no definite occupation or position in view. In Hollywood and the movies he has found the peak of the first period of his experiences, as well as the greatest outlet for his talents; and so for a time he will make the biggest effort to settle down of which he has been guilty so far.

The first thirty-one years of his life are under just the right number of "9," to bring him public recognition and success and the broadest opportunity for the development of his personality in art. When it

comes to a matter of settling down or of identifying himself permanently with any one place or occupation, it will take an emotional disappointment, perhaps in marriage—a possibility, so the numbers say, for 1935—to bring him to the mental viewpoint and the practical need for concentrating his thoughts and efforts.

Success Will Mount Steadily

THE year of 1929 commenced, in the life of George Brent, a cycle or period of big success, especially in the movies, and this cycle is by no means ended with 1932. The beginning of this period followed a run of bad luck from his twenty-first to his twenty-fifth birthdays. These were hard years, precarious and unhappy, so that when the "breaks" began to come in 1929, and more in 1931, it was somewhat a swing of the pendulum of his eventful life from one extreme to the other.

1933 means a further advance in popularity for this young Irishman, and the more spectacular rôles of stardom are waiting for him, from the last of this year, through 1933 to the end of the summer of 1934, and it is in this last year that he will reap the greatest salary of his movie career.

With the year of 1935 will come the peak of his association with the screen. He will, according to the indications in his Numerological chart, have to continue with the development of his talents as an actor, but it is likely that he will return to the legitimate theatre. The more definite expression of his personality which the past three years have accomplished will give way with 1936 to a successful concentration upon dramatic talent until 1938.

When we remember that George Brent was born on the fifteenth day of the number "3" month of March, in a year the number of which was "5," it is safe to expect that with about eight years expression on screen and stage to his credit, by 1938, his Irish love of adventure and of personal freedom will once more assert themselves. Then an entirely different chapter of experience will be sought, just as far removed from Hollywood, its life and activities, as the movies, themselves, are proving to be a complete contrast to his former experiences.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 62)

THE Maureen O'Sullivan-James Dunn romance has temporarily gone "boom." But it has hit the rocks a couple of times before, so no one is taking this quarrel too seriously. The last time we saw Jimmy and Maureen together, they were in a front box at the marathon dancing endurance contest. Maureen was pulling hard for one favorite couple—and Jimmy for the other.

DICK POWELL, who made his screen début in "Blessed Event" and almost stole the picture, and Joan Marsh are going places and having fun. Dick is separated, but not divorced from a pretty non-professional in the East. Dick admits he likes Joan an awful lot, but as he isn't legally free for even a "rumored romance," he isn't saying more than that. Joan Marsh looks exactly like her father, Charles Rosher, the cameraman. Charlie, you remember, is the famous cameraman who photographed Mary

Pickford in all her greatest silent screen successes.

MOST airplane pilots and passengers fly by the weather reports. With Mary Pickford, it is different. Mary flies by the stars. In other words, Mary, as a strong believer in astrology, will enter a plane for a trans-continental trip in a perfectly happy and safe frame of mind, if her favorite astrologist has predicted that the stars are "right" for flying. In case the stars are a little "doubtful," Mary takes the train. That's why she changed from 'plane to train on a recent trip to New York.

JEANETTE MacDONALD was very amused at having to deny that she and Maurice Chevalier were romantically interested in one another. Jeanette's name crept into the rumors when neither Marlene

Dietrich's nor Genevieve Tobin's would stand up.

"Really," laughed Jeanette, "it is too funny. It is like denying that you are in love with your own cousin, or your brother-in-law. I thought it was pretty well understood by everyone that Robert Ritchie and I were engaged—and, what's more, we are going to be married."

THERE is a strong possibility that the Countess de Frasso (née Dorothy Taylor) may appear in a picture opposite Gary Cooper. Not as a leading lady, but as a partner in a realistic adventure film depicting all the dangers of hunting big game.

When Gary and the Countess and her husband were in Africa six months ago, they made movies of their adventures, with which Gary has entertained his friends since his return to Hollywood. Dorothy Frasso, as the Countess is known in Hollywood, proved herself to be a sort of feminine Douglas Fairbanks in the pictures, and now a couple of Hollywood producers are beginning to wonder if such a film in feature length might not be attractive at the box-office.

Well, there are plenty of women who are *that* crazy to know what the Countess looks like!

CLARA BOW was shopping for a new gown in an exclusive Hollywood Boulevard store the other afternoon. There was one dress in particular that caught the fancy of the original red-headed woman. She was all set to purchase the stunning white evening gown, when a distressed saleswoman came back with the information that the identical dress had been sold to another star. As a rule, it means dynamite for two movie stars to be in possession of the same evening gown. There is usually a terrific "kick back" on the shop that made the error. But with Clara it was different!

"I'll take it anyway," she said. "I don't go to many Hollywood parties and"—with a little giggle—"it will come in handy up at the ranch!"

IT is perfectly true that Ann Dvorak has given Hollywood the cold shoulder (temporarily) and signed to make a movie with a British producing company. When last heard from, Ann and Leslie Fenton (her hubby) were still doing considerable "popping off" about hard-hearted Hollywood producers who work little starlets to death for a bare \$250 weekly.

But a little bird whispered this news: that Ann is in constant communication with Hollywood to hear just how much the Warners are willing to "ante" her contract. When the right figure is reached we wouldn't be at all surprised to find Ann and Leslie back in hard-hearted Hollywood again.

THIS month's stork notes:

Richard Dix confesses that he and Mrs. Dix (née Winifred Coe) are shopping for nursery furniture.

It's a rumor that Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna will have a little MacKenna in the Spring.

With the George Lewises, it's a boy. Stuart Erwin and June Collyer also have a son.

PAULINE FREDERICK is opening a show at the famous El Capitan in Hollywood. Pauline, so we are told, would like to confine herself exclusively to the screen, but with movie parts few and far between . . . well, the El Capitan engagement has proved a film "comeback" to more than one star.

Another KLEENEX PRICE REDUCTION!

Full size package now costs but 25c



Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs! For removing cosmetics, for dusting, for polishing — for everything!

25c

NOW—use all the Kleenex you want! Be as lavish as you like! For the price is once more reduced. That big box—for which you paid 50c a year ago—35c six months ago—now costs but 25c!

At this new low price, no one need risk germ-filled handkerchiefs during colds. A Kleenex Tissue may be used once, then destroyed. There is no self-infection. No spreading germs to others, as when handkerchiefs are carried all day long, left in laundry bags, washed with other clothing.

Softest—yet strongest

Kleenex is made of softest rayon-cellulose and is more absorbent than

linen. Though the softest tissue available, it is also the strongest.

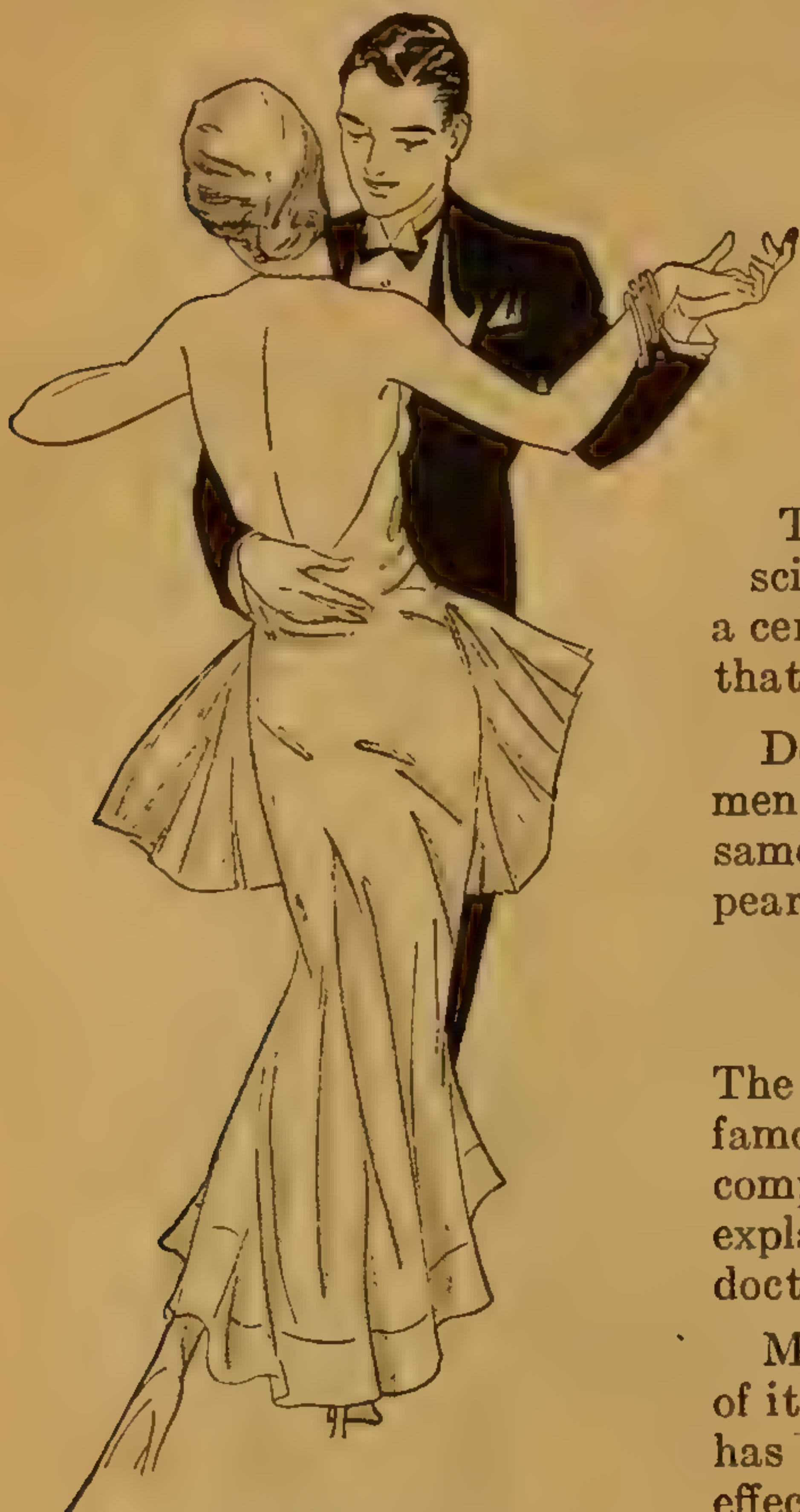
Note all the Kleenex products, listed below. Every one has a place in your home. Keep a package in the kitchen, for wiping up grease, for polishing, for draining fried foods. The price is low—try them all!

Four Kleenex products

- 1. REGULAR KLEENEX** comes in a variety of shades, 180 sheets for only . 25c.
- 2. ROLLS OF KLEENEX** are convenient to hang in bathroom, dressing room or kitchen. In pink or white, . . . 25c.
- 3. 'KERFS** are for dress-up handkerchiefs and tea napkins. Four thicknesses of tissue, smartly bordered. . . 25c.
- 4. LARGE SIZE KLEENEX** comes in sheets 3 times the regular size. Splendid for removing face creams and for household uses. Formerly \$1, now . . 50c.

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES

THE JOYS of BEING THIN



**MARMOLA
FORMULA
In Every Box**

Don't Let Others Get Them All

All around you folks are using a new method of reduction. Some through doctors, some through Marmola. The results are seen in every circle—new beauty, health and vim. Why not join these happy people if you need this help?

The new way is based on a recent discovery. Modern science has found that a great cause of obesity lies in a certain lacking factor. No starvation diet can correct that cause. The lacking factor has to be supplied.

Doctors the world over now supply it in the treatment of obesity. Marmola prescription tablets do the same. Thus excess fat, in late years, has been disappearing fast.

A 25-Year Record

The Marmola prescription is compounded in a world-famous medical laboratory, under the highest skill. The complete formula appears in every box. Also a booklet explaining the reasons for results. So every user, every doctor, may know everything about it.

Marmola has been used for 25 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told their friends about it, so the use has spread to very large proportions. Its delightful effects are now seen in almost every circle.

Then why not do what they did? Marmola is the right way to reduce. It combats the cause. Go try Marmola, read the book, watch the results. When you return to normal, tell your friends what did it. Don't wait longer—start today. All druggists supply Marmola—\$1 a box.

GLASSETTE BIG MONEY MAKER NEWEST HIT In Christmas Folders!

IN BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOX—NEW! NOVEL! DAINTY!
Glasette, an exclusive richly beautiful material of watered silk finish—21 FOLDERS ALL DIFFERENT. Reproductions of magnificent paintings in multi-colored crayon and raised gold metallic effects—EACH with a **TISSUE LINED ENVELOPE. COSTS YOU 50c—SELLS For \$1.00.** Free Sample. Write today to **WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, 7 Water Street Dept. 99 Boston, Mass.**



Moles

HOW TO REMOVE THEM
A simple, home treatment—25 years success in my practice. Moles dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

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Let Me Show You How to Develop the Full, Rounded CURVES now all the vogue

Why be embarrassed by a flat-chested unwomanly form? Now you can actually fill out your bust to lovely shapeliness. Yes, in just a few minutes a day you can build up those thin, sagging tissues and mould them to firm, fascinating curves. Simply apply my marvelous new Creamo treatment in the privacy of your own room. Send for my free offer and watch your breasts grow full, round and beautiful. It's easy, safe and SURE.

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and address and I will mail you my wonderful Creamo treatment, FREE! Merely enclose 10c for forwarding charges—that is all. See how easily and quickly you can develop the most alluring of feminine charms. This free offer is limited, so write today, enclosing only 10c. Your package will be mailed at once, in plain wrapper.



MARIE DUNNE, Dept. K-11

**122 FOURTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.**

George Raft Won't Look At Girls Who Don't Wear Make-Up

(Continued from page 44)

He doesn't do those things any more. He will sit down now and talk with you, frankly and with a boyish, friendly manner. And before he has talked with you for five minutes, you begin to sense how homesick he is.

He says it is "for taxi drivers, fighting among themselves, for elevateds, subways, Broadway after night—noise, hurry, people in smart clothes, *going places* . . ." The bustle, the excitement, the tempo of New York.

"Taken for a Ride"

THE reporters, I think, frightened George a little at first. "They certainly took me for a ride," he complained to one writer. "They sure put me on the spot! Trying to find out something about my past that would make headlines in scandal sheets . . . trying to get the wrong low-down. . . ."

But the busy sleuths of the Press never learned anything against George in all their investigating. And now he feels better about things. But, however friendly or however approving Hollywood may be toward him, George will never feel at home there. It simply is not his world!

"This seems like the country," he complains of Hollywood and Malibu and Beverly Hills. "What am I to do between pictures? I don't want to lie on the beach and turn the color of a dance floor! I don't want to go around in slacks and a sweater—I'm not comfortable! I don't drink—so I don't want to dawdle about somebody's swimming pool in a bathing suit, holding a highball! No real night-clubs—imagine a place with no night-clubs! What can you do?"

George is a child of Manhattan. "I grew up there, on the streets," he will tell you. "I sold papers all through my boyhood and saved my money to buy clothes. That's what I've always wanted most—nice clothes! I used to walk along Broadway at night and think how swell it would be to *belong* there—to be one of Broadway's own people. After a while, after I got to be a prize-fighter and then a fairly successful dancer and was known a little and really *was* one of Broadway's boys—it was grand to walk along there at night and remember. . . ."

"I never wanted to leave Broadway even for a little while. Ziegfeld offered me a job once with a company he was sending to Florida. You know what it always meant to anybody to work for Ziegfeld! He offered me less money than I was making, dancing in a night-club, but he pointed out that I would have the trip, a visit to the Florida beaches in the winter—and the advertising that went with working for him.

Why He Turned Down Ziegfeld

"I TOLD him that I knew exactly what all that meant to a chap like me. But I didn't want to leave New York and I didn't care about going to any beach. I could wait until summer and go to Coney Island. I wanted the money I was making—for clothes, to wear on Broadway. I wanted the kind of life I was leading. Working for him couldn't make up for losing those things, even for a little while. People couldn't understand me. They thought I was crazy. But that's the way I am."

Hollywood is a place of exile for the Raft boy, who is being built up to stardom in the Valentino manner. But it means money for shirts. "All the shirts I want!" he gloats. Pictures are "a swell racket," in his own, night-club phrase—and even an exile can always go back to Broadway for visits, fill his lungs with friendly, sooty air, plunge into the bustle, see "the boys," go to bed at day-

light and breakfast at seven in the evening. But in the interims he wanders Hollywood forlornly, in his meticulously tailored suits, his exquisitely matched shirts and ties and socks, his custom-made shoes and hats—a strange, lithe, lonely figure among the casual, be-sweatered sun-worshippers.

Of course, he has Mr. Finn. Mr. Finn is George's own kind, talks George's language—the lingo of Forty-Second Street and Broadway—and he apparently never gets more than ten feet away from his employer. A neat, earnest, friendly little chap. The studio calls him George's "secretary" and it is true that he makes George's appointments and attends to divers small details. But I think he is most important as a link for George with that other world. Raft introduced him to me as "my bodyguard," adding, with a sardonic little smile, "A guy who plays in so many gangster pictures ought to have one. I might be bumped off at any moment!" We pretended it was true and that we might expect the gunplay to start at any moment, as the three of us sauntered to the studio commissary for a sedate soda, between scenes of "Night After Night."

Things That Upset Him

MR. FINN had, it seemed, a day or so before, conveyed to George the unsettling news that there were people in the studio who didn't like him. George was upset. "You shouldn't have told me!" he reproached his shadow. "Now, you see, I got a worriment on my mind!"

Mr. Finn disagreed with him. "It's better for you to know—so you can be careful. You can, maybe, fix it up with them."

"No. If I try to do that, they want to know who told me, they get mad at you, everything gets mixed up and then it's worse than it was before. I'd rather not know about it!" George had a worried wrinkle upon his really admirable brow.

I interrupted this family chat. "If you are going to worry about things like that, you're going to be busy," I advised him. "No one in Hollywood likes anybody who is making a success in pictures. And your success has been downright spectacular, you know!"

"If you are going to amount to anything, you'll be criticized," Mr. Finn urged. "Why, some people even criticize God!"

There didn't seem to be any answer to that. So we went back to George's homesickness.

"Working in the daytime was pretty bad at first," he told me. "I hadn't done it for years. My life in New York was all lived at night. I used to dance in a supper club before the theatre; then rush to do my stuff in a musical comedy, changing my clothes in the taxi, then back to the club for the mid-night show; then to another club, where I danced twice—the second time at about six in the morning. Then I had something to eat, went home and went to bed. I had breakfast when other people were having dinner. That's what I like. That's my life. Broadway . . ."

No Highballs for George

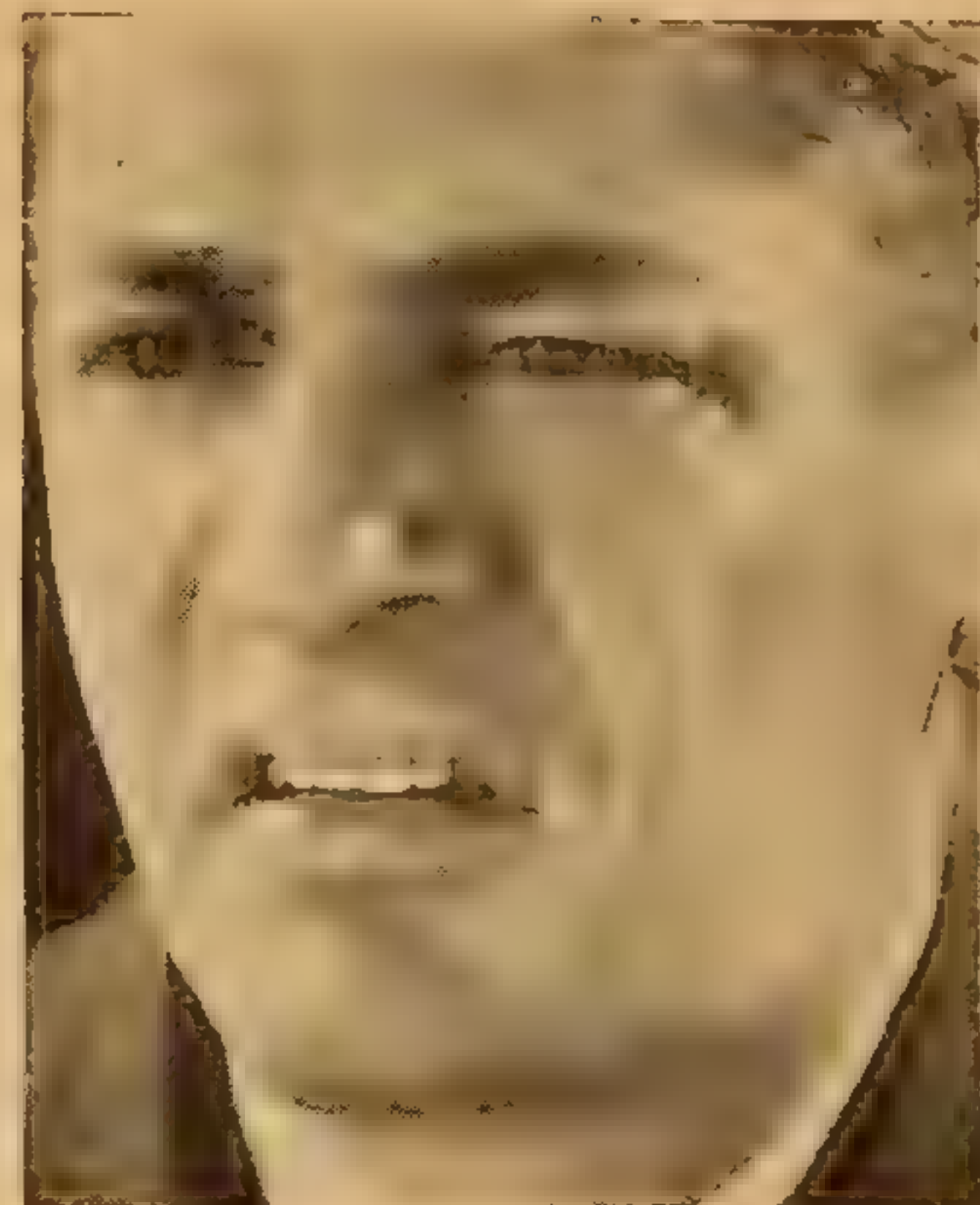
ALL the drama, the excitement, the romance of a big city comes to life at night, George thinks, mourning for the tin-seled whirlpool he has left behind him. "The big shots are out then—the big things are popping," is the way he puts it.

It was in night-clubs that he learned to let liquor alone. "I saw what it *did* to people," he explained. "And I decided that I didn't want anything like that to happen to me! You've got to have your wits about you—there—to get along. And liquor does things to your wits. Besides, they used to forget to be ladies and gentlemen!"

Being a "gentleman" is a sort of fetish with George. He wants, more than anything else in the world (even more than he wants seventeen dozen shirts), to be correct, to

Don't take chances with your mouth . . .

MODERN living conditions—strain—noise—haste—are slowing up the flow of the precious mouth fluids given to you by Nature to protect your mouth health. No wonder tooth decay, bad breath and unhealthy mouths are increasing.



NATURE MEANT YOUR MOUTH TO BE SELF CLEANSING



Dentyne is a delicious chewing gum made especially to stimulate your mouth glands. Chewing Dentyne causes the precious fluids to increase—to cleanse the teeth, neutralize mouth acids and purify the mouth. Dentyne contains a special ingredient which keeps the teeth white.

Chew delicious

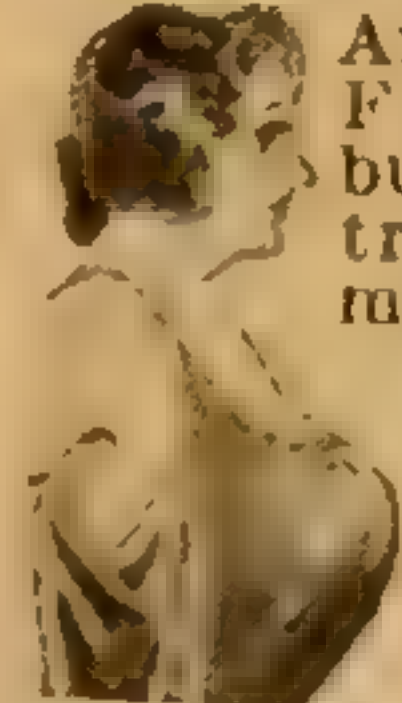
Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - - KEEPS TEETH WHITE



REDUCE YOUR FORM

BY NEW SIMPLE METHOD



Amazing discovery. Flabby, sagging busts yield quickly to this remarkable home treatment. A few minutes a day soon restores measurements to firm, youthful roundness. You will see results within 30 days. Women marvel at this simple, safe and sure method of reducing busts to normal size. I will send my free booklet on request. No obligation. Write today. Mrs. Giffin 1213 Van Buren St. Chicago, Ill.



INITIAL PHOTO COMPACT RING **50¢**
All in one

From the studios of Hollywood comes this gorgeous new ring creation. Richly engraved in WHITE GOLD effect. Contains beautiful new shade rouge compact, space for your favorite photo and your own initial raised in brilliant form. Send only 50¢, state initial wanted, and be AMAZED.

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Whether you are a movie star, clerk, housewife or business person—an attractive personality is essential to success and happiness. Our system shows you HOW to develop your personality. Through this system you qualify for contest to win round-trip fare to Hollywood, ALL expenses paid, and GUARANTEED FREE screen and voice-test for movies.

Contest open to men and women of all ages or nationalities. Beauty not necessary, winners judged on personality and character only. Complete details of this screen-test offer; also story of how you can develop your personality—are contained in our FREE booklet, "AN AMAZING SECRET." Send for it. PERSONALITY INST. 618 South Western; FL 216 Los Angeles



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Guided By Doctor's Advice - Happy Woman LOSES 27 Pounds of FAT



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It's important to health and beauty to banish fat and it's just as vital to employ the **proper** means—a safe, sane method which won't injure health and leave you haggard looking.

How capably a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning fills this need!

Kruschen is the **SAFE, HEALTHY** way to reduce—it builds up splendid health all while it helps restore your weight to **NORMAL**.

Notice how complexion clears, eyes grow brighter and mind keener—you'll be delighted when your scales show how quickly excess fat is disappearing. Many folks hasten results by cutting down on fatty meats, pastries and potatoes.

Mrs. Helen Greene of Brooklyn, N. Y. writes: "A physician advised my mother to take Kruschen Salts for overweight so I started taking it myself. I weighed 192 and after taking 3 bottles I reduced to 165 and never felt so well. It's a tonic as well as reducer".

A bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but 85 cents at any drugstore—for **REAL** results and your health's sake—refuse imitations—accept nothing but Kruschen.

Kruschen Salts

"It's The Little Daily Dose That Does It"

Write for a copy of "How to Lose Fat Without Injuring Health." Dept. G. E. Griffiths Hughes, Inc., Rochester, N. Y.



Sudden Change to COMPLEXION BEAUTY

Amazed Her Friends

But she never told them why. For years her skin was dull and sallow. Pimples, blotches and blemishes caused by constipation marred her chance of beauty. But not any more.

Stuart's calcium wafers worked their wonders for her. Gentle internal cleansers—they quickly help to remove the *cause*: intestinal stasis and poisonous wastes that dull the eye, blotch the skin and stupefy the mind and personality.

A five day test of Stuart's Calcium Wafers will often work a wondrous change: soft, silken skin clear and free from faults! Bright, sparkling eyes! Alert and vigorous in mind and body! No wonder that so many thousands of people find that an occasional sugar-coated Calcium Wafer (Stuart's) is all the tonic that they need.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 10c and 60c

-----FULL BOX FREE-----

Enough for full test—ample to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 31-A Marshall, Mich.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

know what is "the right thing to do"—and to do it, carefully and without a flaw. He wants his companions to be just as meticulous as he is in every detail of their lives.

He was deeply disappointed in the lovely Hollywood lady whom he met at a party (she was wearing evening clothes and satisfactory make-up) and who, when he called upon her a few days later, received him in lounging pajamas. *He* had put on the proper masculine attire for calling upon a lady. He had spent time and thought and effort upon his appearance. It seemed a waste, somehow. And rather too bad! He didn't go there any more.

The early part of George's life may have been a tussle with circumstances. He may have pitted his shrewd wits against the seamier elements of a great city. It may be true (he has said it was) that the only people who believed in him enough to finance him in his fight to enter pictures were men who'll never crash the Social Register. But, once attained, pictures, "the swell racket," have been "soft."

He is still bewildered and somewhat amused over the ecstatic reviews of his performance in "Quick Millions," his first picture. Particularly, the comments on a sequence in which he had killed a man and he had to make a long walk toward the camera.

"We did the murder scene two weeks before we did the walk," he recounts. "Now, how can you look as if you have just killed a guy when you *haven't*? Well, I just sauntered out and did the scene, dead-pan—as casually as I would stroll out for a glass of water. And the critics said, What a great performance! The *cold-bloodedness* of the man! Can you beat it?"

He is the picture, the very epitome, of the popular conception of the gangster—handsome, dark, sphinx-like. Dancing and prize-fighting have given him a cat-like grace of movement. Remember him as the body-guard in "Scarface"—with his naive love for fine raiment, his worship of formality and elegance? There is a nice, boyish something about George that belies the sinister suggestions of his appearance. The twang of the New York streets is disappearing from his speech under the tutelage of a teacher of diction. He will be a valuable addition to any studio—if they don't spoil him. But he will never be happy—he will always be an exile—in Hollywood. Unless he finds a girl—preferably pale—to share his exile!



Gloria Stuart feels pretty safe at the top of that ladder now that she has appeared in "Air Mail" and "The All-American"



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Movie Classic's Letter Page

(Continued from page 8)

something deeper than looks and acting ability, deeper even than personality. It's something that can't be defined, but it's there, and how we women love it!

Charles Laughton belongs to the second class. He's not a leading man. He played the villain in his first American picture. And yet I, at least, came out of the theatre feeling only pity for the man he portrayed. "Devil and the Deep" introduced a very complex character in Tallulah Bankhead's husband. He was a man insanely jealous, cruel to his wife, and—loved and admired by all who knew him. Doesn't sound plausible, does it? But Charles Laughton made it so real that he got the sympathy that should have been awarded to Tallu'. You'll like that man. He's fat, and not handsome, but you forget that the moment he comes on the screen. He's such a thoroughly splendid chap, and such a great actor that he merits more rôles such as this.

DOROTHY SUTER, Youngstown, O.

Why Not Follow the Original Story?

WHY do studio executives allow their staff to purchase excellent stories, and then change them so radically, that persons who read the original come away from the theatre, keenly disappointed in the picture?

Obviously, it is necessary with some stories. But was it necessary in the case of Arthur Stringer's "Mudlark"? A clean appealing story of a man's and woman's bitter struggle to understanding love and successful livelihood.

Why was a tawdry night club, a sniffing nose (which was meant to be funny, but appeared ridiculous), also a bloody brawl, introduced in this vehicle? None of them was present in the story.

Because of the few really good stories to be had in comparison to the great many pictures produced, I suppose we are bound to see some "flops." But when one goes to a theatre, knowing a certain story to be splendid, and expecting the utmost in entertainment, only to find all sorts of cheap innovations, it is disgusting.

So many times the very essence of the theme is lost through these changes. Why do we read of authors disagreeing with producers over the filming of their stories, if this is not true?

FLORENCE REINHARDT, Oakland, Cal.

Good News

COLUMBIA will no longer get stories to fit certain stars, but will get players to fit their stories. What glorious news! Truly Columbia is to be congratulated! I think this is a decided step in better picture building.

How anaemic has been the acting of certain stars "brought up" to play specific rôles! How uninteresting to have the same "type" hashed and reshaped.

Great actors of former years had to offer variety to be great. Lately, the suffering public had to be content with the same dish offered by a company who had signed a player for a long-term contract. One could shut one's eyes, yet know when "the artist" would raise an eyebrow! If it were not for a change of settings and costumes the pictures might all have had the same titles.

I believe this move of Columbia will put new blood into the picture industry and that the interest of the picture-going public will be stimulated, at least, fifty per cent. More power to Columbia!

IRENE F. COHEN, Leavenworth, Kan.



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Little Caesar Tosses Some Verbal Bombs

(Continued from page 41)

pay his meagre rent and give his children decent educations. I hate the thought that there are so many men who cannot have the necessities of life and enough of the comforts to make life more than a bearable thing.

"I hate the thought that we have to harden ourselves to this in order to go on living. Human nature is such that if we thought too deeply about things like these, we would all go mad and no good would be accomplished. But I hate sentimentalities—mottoes, slogans, charities—futile gestures that touch only the surface of the world's wrongs, too cowardly to dig down and dig up the roots.

Says Children Are Taught Lies

"I HATE the way I was brought up. I hate the way all children are brought up—on lies. Lies that, when we reach manhood or womanhood, leave us totally unprepared for the living of life. We are taught things that should be so, but are not so. We are not taught the things that are really so. The legend of Santa Claus is only one of dozens of such tales we have to unlearn when we grow up. It is symbolic of the whole fairy tale education of children.

"If I had children, I would not teach them lies about God. I would let them seek their own God—and find Him, if they could. I would not teach them lies about Life, the beauty of it, the fairness. I would teach them the hard, inescapable facts of Nature, the ruthless and rhythmic way in which she works, the small parts we are of the whole. I would teach them about decay and Death. I would make them accept it, not fear it, not attach the importance and dread to it that most people feel. I would teach them that it is an inevitable part of the scheme of things, as much to be expected and as casually to be accepted as any other factor of the body or the world. I hate the way children are 'educated' to-day.

"I hate the thought that we are approaching, here in America, another Fall of Rome. When luxury and revolution and threats of revolution and decadence and other such elements reared their ugly heads, Rome was doomed. And I have the feeling that, here in America, such elements are rearing their ugly heads to-day. I hate the thought that the Youth of America has no better ideal to strive for, no higher soap-box to mount, no greater Men and Causes to work for than it seems to have.

What Price Individuality?

"I HATE the knowledge that if a man does depart one iota from the thing he is taught to say or is expected to do, he is instantly under suspicion. He is accused of being a Red or a dangerous lunatic.

"I hate Prohibition—of course. It's hypocritical.

"I hate the thought of having too much money. The Other Fellow would haunt me. I want only enough to give my family the things they need and want.

"I hate to be tied to one place. I like to work in Hollywood, but I'd hate the thought of having to live here, or any other place, permanently. I love to travel, to know the peoples of other lands, to stay there and talk their language.

"I hate to study. I have managed to acquire six languages by forcing myself to study the rudiments and getting the rest by talking to the natives. I hate to work. I'm lazy to the bone. I think I was a lizard in a past incarnation. (I believe in a general state of reincarnation.) But because I hate

to work, I work all the harder, force myself to try for perfection down to the last small detail of every performance I give.

"I love the movies and I love my work, because I believe in pictures—in the good they do—in the doors they open to many people. I believe in my work when it is honest, when I can be as sincere with the characters I am talking to as I am, here and now, talking with you. I hate anything I can't believe in. I do believe in pictures.

"I hate those players who do not take picture work seriously, who profess to look down on it or say they are working in movies only for the money to be had.

"I hate worry, and so I am constantly worried. Worried about the current production, whatever it happens to be, worried about the direction, worried about the other members of the cast, the very clothes they wear, the dressing of the sets.

Hates Publicity—Sometimes

"I HATE publicity—at times. I love to browse along the boulevards of the world, poking about in old book shops and in antique shops, unnoticed, unrecognized. When I can't do that—when some stranger nudges some other stranger and says, 'There goes Eddie Robinson!'—I am furious, because I am made to feel self-conscious. And my chief and most violent hate is to be made self-conscious. And that's what public recognition does for you when you don't feel up to it.

"I also hate the thought, however,"—and Eddie laughed that pleasant, mellow laugh of his—"that the day may come when no stranger will recognize me. I suppose I'd hate that worst of all, knowing what it would mean.

"I hate telephone calls early in the morning. I can snarl in my best *Little Caesar* manner when anyone is unwise enough to dial me before ten a.m. I hate pink teas and the stiffness of formal dinner parties. I hate any person, or place that is not natural, real, unaffected, *human*.

"I hate to write letters—and never do. I hate to make speeches, because speech-making makes me self-conscious; and I can become *Little Caesar* again when I am called upon to 'perform in the parlor.' I hate to spend money for garters or suspenders. I also hate to buy new straps for my wrist watches. I've carried the same walking stick for years, and I don't know whether this means that I love the cane or hate the bother of buying a new one.

"But of all these hates, some important, some unimportant—I hate intolerance the worst. Intolerance of any person, or any creed, or any race, or any boundary line on the face of the earth, or on the faces of us who move, so temporarily, over the face of the earth.

"I love individuals. I love my work. I love my wife and step-daughter and my family. If there is a *Little Caesar* in every man, there is also a God in every man. It behooves us to look for Him."

Did You Know That—

Garbo has spent much of her time in Sweden at the estate of Victor Seastrom, famous Swedish director, who left Hollywood just before the talkies, in search of "artistic freedom"?

Aline MacMahon, in private life, is the wife of Clarence Stein, famous New York architect—and that when she finishes a picture, one or the other rushes across the continent so that they can be together?

Gilbert Roland, who went with Clara Bow once upon a time, is her leading man in "Call Her Savage"?

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Between Ourselves

(Continued from page 6)

it hadn't been kidded before on the screen, and now George M. Cohan is rounding off the job in "The Phantom President." "Crooner" was a hilarious debunking of the Great Lovers of the Air Waves. "Blessed Event" and "Is My Face Red?" did the same thing for the gossip columnists. "Horse Feathers," sheer nonsense, gave football a push on the noseguard—and "Rackety Rax" is about to do likewise. "The Crooked Circle" and "Strangers of the Evening" made murder mysteries comic. "Make Me a Star" and "Movie Crazy" laughed about the struggles—which usually aren't funny—of getting into the movies. "Once in a Lifetime" was a devastating joke at Hollywood's own expense. Pictures like these are something new on the Hollywood horizon, which used to be dotted with custard pies, surprise falls, funny faces and old clothes to extract a laugh from the paying customers.

WILL ROGERS, writing in the Hearst papers, comments: "There is one epidemic now that I think could be discontinued. . . You sometimes do wonder if it's absolutely necessary before a picture is released that it have the word 'hell' in the title. Looks like if they had to have it, they could put more hell into the picture and leave it out of the title." I hope the producers don't neglect reading Will. He has lassoed a thought that has struck hordes of moviegoers, who are getting in the habit of cussing just by looking at movie billboards. It's the producers now—not the small boys—who are writing on the fences of the nation.

GARBO and Dietrich, Constance Bennett and Gloria Swanson are not the greatest women rivals in Hollywood. Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer are. They are the most ambitious actresses in the whole movie village—and for either to reach the peak of success, she will have to top the other. That looks like a tough job. How could Norma be better than Joan in "Rain," or how could Joan be better than Norma in "Smilin' Through"?

BEFORE very long, it isn't going to matter if Emil Jannings ever comes back to America. And you'll know what I mean if you saw Charles Laughton as Tallulah Bankhead's insanely jealous husband in "The Devil and the Deep." This suave English character actor, who is much younger than he looks, is built along the Jannings lines—and by the mere flicker of an eyelid or a twist of his mouth can reveal more emotion than most of the screen's Great Lovers put together. You weren't supposed to like him in "The Devil and the Deep," but if you could help doing so, you're a better man than I am. He has the glamour of subtlety, which is even rarer than the "mystery" so many stars try to cultivate. He plays Nero in "The Sign of the Cross," and next is starring in "Payment Deferred," in which he plays an undetected murderer, dramatizing the horror of conscience! Give yourself the treat of discovering him!

Larry Reid



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about **YOU?** shall men say "SHE IS LOVELY --- SO EXQUISITE!"

BY PATRICIA GORDON



The Music ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but *you* seem mysteriously detached. It is your *moment*. Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about *you*. Some one says, "She is lovely!" No *conscious* flattery this—not meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling compliment*.

"So Lovely, so Exquisite!" How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As *background*, yes. But as to these, men see *dimly*. Only women are *critical*. Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up *so* clever, *so* artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as *natural*.

Some Women Know—Some Do Not. How can it be otherwise than true? When a woman will tolerate *obvious* make-up, she simply *does not know* the glamorous beauty of *harmonized*

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